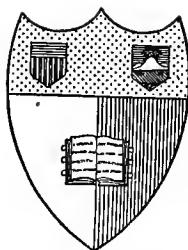


ETUDES
IN
MODERN
FRENCH ART

E. STRAHAN

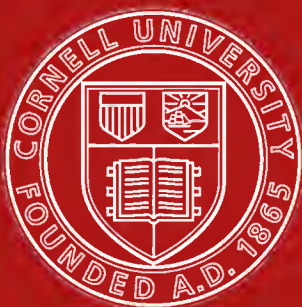


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ÉTUDES

IN

MODERN FRENCH ART



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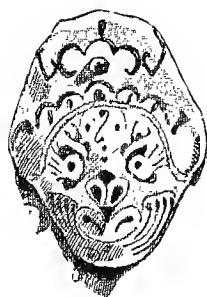
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GÉRÔME
AND
HIS SCHOOL







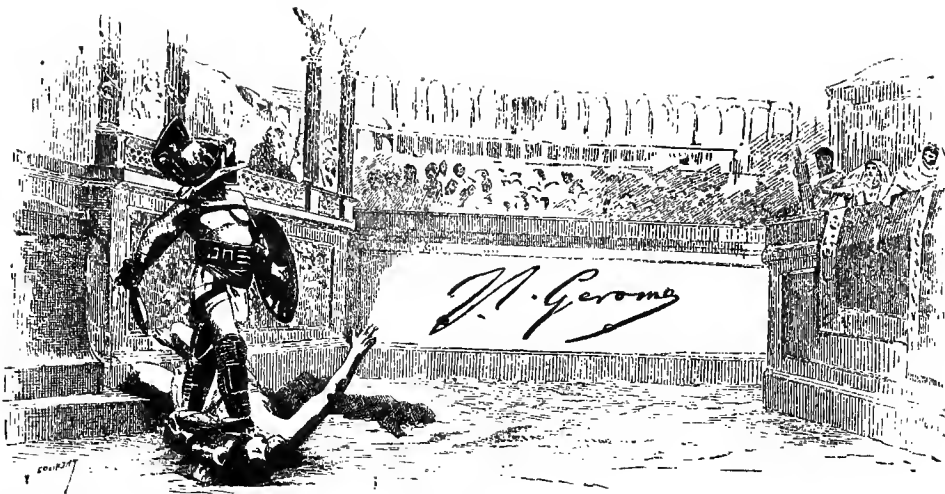
J. J. L. GÉRÔME



Dante



Engraved by Jeans



GÉRÔME AND HIS SCHOOL.



It is pleasant to begin with the school where we are most at home, and to the present writer the atelier of the Beaux-Arts Palace on the Rue Bonaparte, where Gérôme taught and teaches among his confrères, comes to the memory like an agreeable and gracious *pandæmonium*, full of polite ghosts. Here two fruitful years of study were passed, in the company of such now renowned young painters as Lecompte Du Nouy, Glaize, Kaemmerer, Lenoir, Rixens, Guès, Kratké, Bridgman, Eakins, and Humphrey Moore. Here too, in 1867, during one of the professor's absences in the East, the line of instruction was continued for the present annalist and his friends by Gustave Boulanger, who is

admitted into the present chapter as a sort of *alter ego* of Gérôme's, and who fits his peculiarities into those of his friend like the lining into the waistcoat.

The style of painting of Jean Léon Gérôme, though so crisp, so individual, so well-defined, is not one of those that has received a name in the terminology and nomenclature of art. He is neither of the brutal *naturalisti*—designation invented by Spagnoletto, and continued by the modern French *naturalistes*, and by Germans like Leibl—nor of the *impressionistes*, such as his pupil Bastien-

Lepage, nor of the *idéalistes*, nor of the *tachistes*, like Fortuny. Speaking of Gérôme and his enemies the *tachistes* says Emile Bergerat: "There may exist a *tachiste* who bears in the recesses of his soul a composition superior to the *Pollice Verso*, but this particular *tachiste* has taken care not to show himself. It is a heavy task to carry along a *tableau* to perfection, and here is the truth: Gérôme has signed more than fifty compositions deserving the name of *tableaux*, a designation considered dignified in the good old days, and never squandered as now on slight splashings by hap-hazard colorists. There are to be found very inconsiderate talkers among those artists who, gifted with a sensitiveness of retina as eccentric as it is without merit, are determined to confine the task of painting to a matching of the physical phenomena of colors and light—those whose extravagant theories have given birth to 'impressionism' and *tachisme*. Are we arrived at the point of teaching that Man, whether clothed or bare, is in principle nothing but a mire of color, with outlines dissolving into the atmosphere?"

This view of Man is indeed too Carlylean and contemptuous to attract serious minds, lovers of the race. The extract is introduced,—at hazard of frightening away hundreds of readers by its technicality,—to set in plain light and shade the conflict that is going on in modern art. The broadest division among the camps is between those who regard the subject or model before their eyes as a mere *tache* or "blot" of color, to be painted in careful relation to the other "blots" of color around it, and those who regard the subject structurally, with great interest in the interdependence of its parts, and the attachments of its construction. Thus, on the one side, in Fortuny's "Choosing the Model," the Model is above all a splash of rose-color against a glittering wall; in Gérôme's "Masked Duel," the corpse is above all a frame-work of bones and flesh tied with tendonous ligatures. The "impressionists" and *tachistes* have produced admirable works, including the ivory beaming flesh-painting of Henner, the Fortunys glittering with a light of their own, the glancing, half-seen figures of Manet, and De Nittis, and Degas, the serious nature-study to be found in the works of Bastien-Lepage.

But Gérôme belongs to another school, the school of Ingres, of David, and in some sense of Delaroche. He constructs his figure with the conscience of a workman, of a mechanic,—not according to its superficialities. There is no accepted word by which to classify him, but if it were possible he might be ranked with the *sculptors* of canvas. Raphael was one of these; Gérôme, if he does not wear the mantle of Raphael, at least loyally bears up its train.

It is time to explain how Gérôme came to be found in the Beaux-Arts School, teaching turbulent Frenchmen and importunate Americans. In 1859, Jean Léon Gérôme, having just made a romantic sensation with his pictures of "The Masked Duel" and "Ave Cesar, Morituri te Salutant," presented himself as a candidate for enrolment among the French Academicians. He was refused, the preference being given to M. Hesse, an official painter and flatterer; as a compensation, a place was offered to Gérôme as one of the professors in the Beaux-Arts School, along with Cabanel and Pils. He would be more

obscure there than in the celebrated armchair, but he could do more good. He accepted the place, and still holds it, at a merely nominal salary, to the immense detriment of his business.

It was in Gérôme's school that the writer received those views on art which are to make or mar the present essay. Those impressions, on the aspects of nature, were of undreamed-of distinctness. Every tyro knows that, in art, mere mechanical facility is of very slender consequence, in comparison with knowing how to look at a natural object—making an intelligent choice of what to see and what to ignore, what permanent qualities to give an eye to, and what trivial ones to forget. With an intelligent determination of what to see in the subject of his painting, the artist may at his leisure be clumsy, naturally blundering, left-handed, one-armed, or have his fingers all thumbs; he cannot avoid being a painter with a good style. It is the artist's eye, not his hand, that produces the picture. Painters have met true success, whose awkwardness in drawing the sort of line they wanted, was quite phenomenal; it was the knowing what sort of a line they wanted which made them great. In sculpture the rule is still more striking; some of the best sculptors are those whose facility with tools is quite below zero, who have not the least mechanical aptness in bracing up a clay model, and who have constantly to bewail their want of workmanlike knack: their eye, however, preserves a clear lucid notion of the form they want, and that unflattering crystal criterion which travels in their heads becomes a fortune for them. Gérôme's teaching explains his painting, and none can listen to it without respecting that painting.

One day Gérôme said to a student who had made a disjointed design: "Go see the drawings by Raphael in the Louvre; see how he attaches his figure together at the knees and shoulders and hips; how careful he is to insist on this continuity of the form; how every bone hangs by a string to some other bone; and how careful he is to express this dragging and weight of the form." I have never seen a drawing by Gérôme which did not insist on the same quality of nature. He may violently bend the joint of a figure, but what he insists on is the flow of it, not the break of it.

This continuity is one of the great traits of a figure by Gérôme; another is, that when the conditions of the picture do not give a chance to tell all the facts about a figure, and when some have to be expressed and others omitted, he expresses the facts of the mechanism of the human frame, so that the figure, however slight, is a *viable* machine. He has sometimes shown a peculiar reticence in stating the facts about a figure, reducing it to its necessary parts; these slighted or subordinate figures remind me strangely of Egyptian images, and have something of the same dignity; an Egyptian figure always seems to say that the artist was capable of expressing more if he chose, but preferred to hold his tongue; the facts of anatomy seem to be all there, only enclosed in a sort of envelope; and the figure is sure to be not a bundle of limbs, but an unity, depending upon itself from head to foot. This summary treatment, perhaps inspired by his love for Egyptian art, is successfully practiced alone by Gérôme among modern painters.



Figure from "Marriage," Decoration for the Mayor's Office of the 13th Paris Arrondissement. By G. R. Boulanger.



Figure from "Marriage," Decoration for the Mayor's Office of the 13th Paris Arrondissement. By G. R. Boulanger.

That of Gérôme is famed as being the most turbulent of all the government ateliers in Paris. But when the patron enters, all is stilled, the pupils who have been fencing with their mahl-sticks retreat into corners, those who have been amicably conversing on the model's platform with that personage leap down, and the youngest and sauciest of the students takes the master's hat and cloak with French grace, ignominiously throwing into the corner the hat previously usurping the most advantageous peg in the coat-room. What is striking about the professor is his adaptability, his sitting down on the floor whenever he wishes to get the same point of view as some squatting student, and his



INCROYABLE.
By F. H. Kaemmerer.

recognition of the qualities which the sketch is trying to get at. He is extremely serious, however, and contrives to make the school sensible of the fact that art is a science, and that a man must work for all that is in him to succeed at it. The hours of his visit are as solemn as a church—there are two of these visits per week, one on the Tuesday, to examine the tendencies of the commenced sketch, one towards the close of the week to criticise the six days' work.

"Very bad!" were the words with which I once heard him salute a study by the son of Charles Jacque the sheep-painter; "bad in drawing, bad in color, bad in the movement, bad in character." With this he gave the easel a push that set it reeling, and went to the next student, while young Jacque took an early opportunity to steal from the studio. Many another pupil feels the impulse to run away—even when he controls it; and a feeling

of great contrition and self-examination makes the school quite another place during the hours succeeding his visits. In these minutes devoted to the conscience, the youths gather around each other's sketches, calling to mind the criticisms they have overheard from the master. Happy is the lad whose work has attracted a word of praise. It becomes the centre of a silent, but ungrudging, crowd—the cynosure of eyes—the "nail," as the French call successful pictures, to which every glance is hung.

Severe in criticism, gracious in recognition, naturally severe and scientific in mind, squatting on the floor to utter a philosophical comment worthy of Pericles, running lightly up to a pupil's eighth-story studio to counsel him on some canvas too big to be moved, such is Gérôme as a professor. And it is

as a professor, as a pedagogue, always painting rather *ex cathedrâ*, that Gérôme must be studied even in his bids for fame.

His character is naturally that of a leader. In the year 1848,—having come to Paris out of his father's goldsmith's shop at Vesoul, having studied under Delaroche, having failed in the Prize of Rome, having followed Delaroche to Italy—in 1848, the young man of twenty-four became the head of a little clique of innovators calling themselves the Neo-Grecs. They established themselves in a wooden cottage in a garden of lilacs on the Rue Fleurus; the school thus formed, with young Gérôme at the head, was called the "Châlet," from the building where they met. "They paint like Sybarites crowned with roses," cried Théophile Gautier in his daintiest print, "with ivory palettes, in Pompeian studios, and on their tables of citrus-wood are Anacreon, Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, and André Chénier,—from whose decanters they love to drink. They remind me," he added, "of the *poetæ minores* of the Greek Anthology." Gérôme had just painted his "Anacreon dancing with Love and Bacchus," and the "Cock-fight." Hamon, Toulmouche, and Picou were among his retainers. It was in 1848 that, not content with the reversal of the Philippian dynasty, he headed a deputation to petition government for the abolition of marriage.

The painter has recently given to a literary friend some notes, full of spirit, about his own career, where a severe self-censure mingles nobly with a dignified self-esteem. "A dry, dissected picture," he says of the Anacreon. Of the "Cock-fight," his début, now at the Luxembourg, he remarks, "my painting has the slender merit of being the work of a sober young man, who, knowing nothing, could find nothing to do but *hook on* to nature." Soon after the Anacreon, he painted the "Gyneceum," and about the same time, for the Paris church of Saint Severin, two frescoes, the Communion of St. Jerome, and the Vow of Belzunce in the Plague of Marseilles. "Their general character is elevated enough, and the effect does not lack originality, but everywhere dry, and even hard. It is a fault I have always tried to correct in myself; and yet, if I have succeeded in diminishing it, I have not yet got rid of it entirely."

In 1855 and 1864, Gérôme made journeys to the Nile. After the first, "several pictures," he says, "were executed at the close of this sojourn with the Father of Waters, among others 'Cutting the Straw' (1861) which I think gives pretty well the pastoral and farmer side of Egypt, then 'The Prisoner' (1863) now at the Nantes Museum, which had an unanimous success and was appreciated both by critics and imbeciles. From the same starting-point dates another of my paintings to which I gave but small value, 'The Masked Duel,' a composition rather in the English taste, the subject of which captivated the public. Execution satisfactory—certain bits well treated." "Later I exhibited the 'Ave Cæsar' (1859) which I consider, with the other canvas of the same kind ('Pollice Verso') as my two best works. At the same time with the 'Ave Cæsar,' namely in 1859, issued from my studio the 'Death of Cæsar,' which certain amiable critics have christened 'The Washing Day.' For myself, who am no enemy to the gambols of gaiety, I own and enjoy the comic side of the witticism; but this composition, setting aside all modesty, deserves a more deliberate judgment. The

presentment of the subject is dramatic and original. It is a small canvas, capable of being executed on a more ample scale without losing its character." The painter indeed worked up the principal figure in the scale of life, on a canvas now in the Corcoran Gallery; the picture itself belongs to Mr. J. J. Astor.

Our illustrations show Gérôme in his achievements and in his influences. His "Dante" (1867), is a fearful image of solitude in a throng, representing "the man who had been in hell" avoided by his fellow-citizens. His "Execution of Marshall Ney" (1868), was strong enough to shock both Bonapartists and legitimists, and nearly provoked a duel with Ney's son, the Prince de Moskowa. Gustave Boulanger, a Parisian born the same year as Gérôme, studied, like him, under Delaroche; collaborated with Gérôme in the frescoes of Prince Plon-plon's Pompeian mansion; painted the feasts of that mansion, with portraits of modern actors in Roman dresses; followed the subjects and style of Gérôme, and occasionally, as in recent decorations of a Paris mayor's office, where he represents the Paranympths of the Bridegroom almost biblically, has struck a classical vein with more popular grace than Gérôme, though with less originality. F. H. Kaemmerer, born at the Hague, entered Gérôme's studio as a youth in 1865, and has made himself a naturalized citizen of French Art by his racy studies of Paris life under the Directory.

The style of Du Nouy's "Honeymoon" needs no description, it is so precisely Gérôme's. Venice in the middle ages breathes before us!

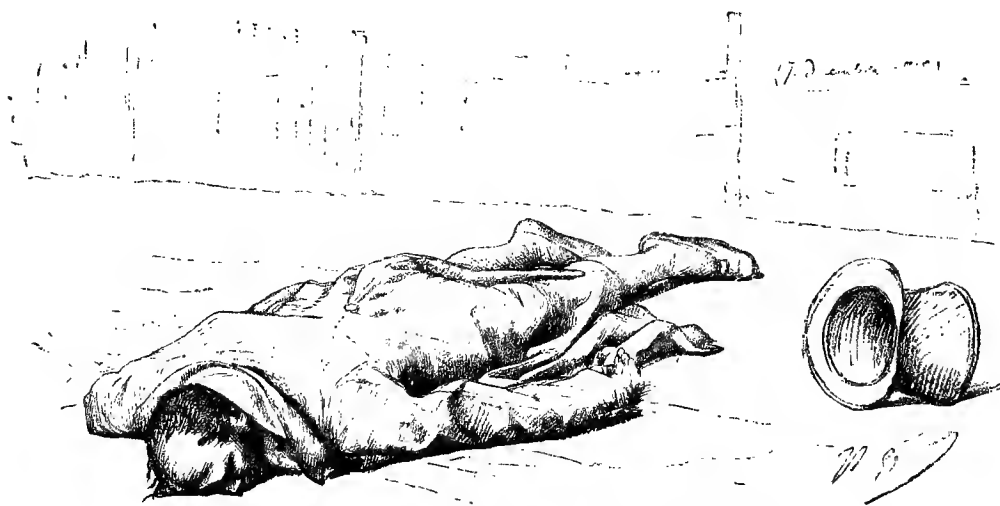


Figure from "The Execution of Marshall Ney." By J. L. Gerome.

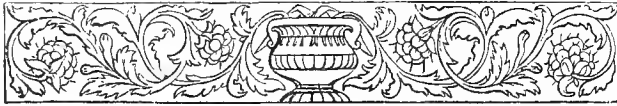
MEISSONIER
AND
THE REALISTS





PEINT PAR MISSONIER

GRAVÉ PAR CH. CAREY.



J. L. E. MEISSONIER



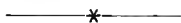
The Audience



Engraved by Carey



MEISSONIER AND THE "REALISTS."



LAINLY at the head of the "realistic" school of the world, is Meissonier. The epithet should be used with a certain tolerance, for there is realism and realism. Perhaps the best idea of the senses in which the term is employed can be given by a comparison. Courbet was a realistic painter, but the realism of Courbet consisted, we may say, in realizing Nature at a distance of ten feet, and then solidifying her in all her envelopes of luminous air; the realism of the Meissonier group, of Detaille, of Steinheil, consists in sticking Nature with a pin, mounting her on a cork, and inspecting her with a lens or with the camera lucida. From this near point of view, no artist who ever lived has taken such pains as Meissonier to translate into paints the exact effect of natural objects in colors and light and shade.

As should in poetic justice be the case, Meissonier has never had a professor. He at first passed four months in the atelier of Léon Cogniet, but that school was proverbial as being the school "where one never saw the professor." The truth was that the youthful Meissonier used the atelier as a work-room, and perhaps never saw M. Cogniet four times in the hundred days. Otherwise he was and remained professorless.

J. L. Ernest Meissonier was born of a Paris family. His father, in 1811,

founded at Paris a grand commission-house, of which the principal feature was the importation of cacao beans. The birth of Ernest at Lyons (in 1815) was an accidental displacement, and in no wise detracts from the painter's legitimacy as a Parisian *pur sang*. When Ernest was thirty years of age the father died, and, of his four children, one son took upon himself the management of the commission business, from which he has now realized a fortune of several million francs. The young painter therefore has known no misfortune, except the perpetual misfortune of genius in easy circumstances—the parental opposition to a Bohemian career. The good burghers of Louis Philippe's time were not favorable to the profession, whose battles at the rise of the romantic school gave to it a special character of turbulence. Meissonier's mother, an amateur miniature painter of great accomplishments, imprinted on her son the taste for the arts, and even the taste for art in its minimised form, as well as many traits of character and physical resemblance. Towards the close of his life the father became reconciled to his son's vocation, but always with a reserve of fault-finding. "Ernest thinks himself a painter," he would say, "and he is not even capable of copying an old master!" The paternal notion of an artist was that of a good copyist of a Raphael Madonna, such an one as an honest burgher hangs in his dining-room in the steam of the soup. But this particular student had an invincible horror of copying. He has recounted how his father, believing that the only method was to break what he considered a fatal obstacle in the style chosen by the young man, went so far as to offer a hundred francs for every copy he should bring home from the Louvre. "I was not such a rich youth as to turn up my nose at a hundred francs!" the painter narrates. "Well—that hundred francs I never managed to gain!" The copy-work he enjoyed, indeed, was that from Nature and from living beings. By adhering to this inclination he became, without aping any one, the master-artist with a style of his own, to whom applies perfectly the epithet of the Germans for Richter—"the only one." Meissonier has thus never passed by the way of the Beaux-Arts school; he has never gained the Prize of Rome. He has created himself, in freedom and natural expansion, by watching the appearances of natural things in their animation and variety. Such art-training as he got in youth had to be snatched in the intervals of scholastic study, for he was receiving a careful bourgeois education in the Bonaparte lyceum. He still re-reads Virgil, Horace, and even Plautus and Terence, taking small account of modern writers. When he has leisure to turn a page, he overlooks *Figaro*, and chooses something solid. "I am a subscriber to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* since its origin; see, here is the first number! And every page is cut!"

Meissonier, as a bright young enthusiast of Paris, joined the club of hasheesh-eaters, or *haschichins*, celebrated by Théophile Gautier, and organized by Fernand Boissard at the hôtel Pimodan. But as, on the very day of his initiation, his friends were obliged to arrest him while poised on the frame of the window-sill from which he was determined to dash himself into the street, he was obliged to content himself with the part of day-scholar, and merely attended to watch the vagaries of the others, playing voluntaries on the piano to divert the course

of their dreams. Meissonier pays a fond tribute to that initiation by being to this day one of the most nervous men in Europe.

A friend of his father's, Rector Fériot of the Grenoble college, warmly encouraged his débuts in art, and made up to him for the family coldness. Meissonier paid for this hand of support in his own style, with a pair of exquisite portraits of the Rector and his wife (1835). His first picture sold was "The Visit to the Burgomaster" (1834), vended for one hundred francs to the Society of the Friends of Art, gained from them at their lottery by one Paturle, and sold by auction at the Paturle sale to Sir Richard Wallace for just five thousand francs. On the strength of this wondrous hundred-franc success, his father—convinced!—sent him to Italy for a holiday. The traveling student stopped awhile with the Fériots at Grenoble, and then made his earliest visit to Rome. Returning, he prepared his first celebrity, "The Chess Players" of the 1836 Salon. "It is painted with babies' eyelashes!" said Delacroix. To this species of parlor-dramas—exquisite reproductions of men of another epoch, clothed faultlessly in by-gone costumes, not in the least like puppets, yet conveying an involuntary sense of gem-like smallness and preciousness, belongs our plate of "The Audience." This exquisite of an ante-room, dressed in the elegant refinement of Louis XV costume, answers precisely to the village gallant in Musset's "La Mouche," who gains preferment because he has spied a beauty-spot situated a little low on the shoulder of Mme. de Pompadour.

In 1838 he espoused the sister of the Strasburg painter Steinheil, whose son, Meissonier's nephew, supports the "Meissonier School" with so much ability. His oldest child, a daughter, born in 1840, married an army officer, whose death recently left her a widow; the son, Charles, received in the paternal arms with transports of joy in 1844, continues the father's line of painting only too respectfully.

The Italian war was the occasion for another journey, and Meissonier was present at the battle of Solferino. Of this action he made an admirable tableau, the first of his splendid camp-scenes; it is now at the Luxembourg gallery. He was asked the other day if Napoleon III had really sat for his portrait in this scene, and replied in the following words: "Certainly, and it was this that troubled me the most. You know how I love accuracy! I had gone back to Solferino, to re-sketch from nature the landscape of the battle-field. You conceive how important I thought it that the Emperor should sit, were it but for five minutes! I managed it, I fancy, rather cleverly. I made a first sketch of the picture, then I invited one of the officers, who had been at Solferino, and who was a friend of mine, to come and give me advice about the military details. I asked him to sit for his portrait, that I might introduce his own adventure in the combat. The likeness having succeeded, he talked about it to his comrades, and they came offering themselves one after another. Lebœuf had me invited to Fontainebleau to show the picture. Napoleon III received me with a charming affability, and examined my canvas for a long time. Only one personage was left a blank, and the Emperor asked me who that was to be. 'Why, yourself, Sire.' 'You will paint my portrait?' said he: 'how will

you do it?' 'From memory, and the assistance of the popular prints.' All that is not so good as a sitting,' replied the Emperor. 'Do you not think so, Monsieur Meissonier?' 'Doubtless, Sire.' 'Very well, nothing is simpler. Let us both get horses, and take a ride; we will converse, and you can study me at your ease.' Charmed with the opportunity, I hit upon a profound plan of seduction! My old friend Jadin had then his studio at Fontainebleau; I contrived to direct our course towards this atelier, and, when at the door, boldly proposed to the Emperor to pay a visit to good Jadin. He consented laughing, and we both fell from the clouds on Jadin, unsuspecting of his fate, and smoking his pipe in a Jersey jacket. The Emperor, greatly amused with the adventure,

would not let Jadin put himself out, rolled a cigarette, placed himself fork-fashion on a chair, and fell to talking. I picked up the first pencil I found, and sketched the Emperor during a full half-hour!"

From this Napoleonic incident dated Meissonier's attachment for the race, an attachment which produced the masterpieces of his life—the "1814," or Retreat from Moscow, and the "1807," or "Friedland," the latter of which came to the American gallery of Mr. A. T. Stewart, at an expense of eighty thousand dollars.

Théophile Gautier has written a charming book: *Tras los Montes*, a sparkling recital of his travels under the ever-blue sky of Spain. It is a *chef-d'œuvre* condensed into a few pages,



THE LOSS OF THE FRENCH CLOCKS.
Sketch by E. Detaille.

and which may serve as a guide to all following tourists, amateurs of the picturesque and the marvelous. With his eye so quick to see the visible, his intelligence so skillful to discover the unseen, and his ready pen to depict all, we may imagine with what despotism he has rendered the task thorny for all those who might wish to follow him over the road where Roland fought and died, into the country which gave birth to the Cid. Nevertheless there has not been wanting another Parisian who has strived to render with his brush in as skillful a manner that bewitching Spain, chivalrous, loving, the Spain of Figaro, of Don Quixote, of Sancho Panza, and this with a brilliancy of execution and an exactness of portrayal that would have done honor to a



J. G. Vibert.

The Naturalists. Sketch by J. G. Vibert.

follower of Goya, and entitles the artist to class with the Realists. It is Jules Worms, more Spanish than the Spaniards, born though he was in the soil that covers the alluvial slime of the ancient Lutetia. He came into the world in 1832 or 1833, his parents were small Jewish shop-keepers, and when he was of age to enter into the struggle of life, he became a lithographic draughtsman, making many drawings for the fashion publications of the day. At the period of the Crimean war, we find him designing military scenes after the sketches of Durand-Brager. His reputation as an illustrator constantly increased, the *Magazin pittoresque*, the *Bons Romans*, the *Contes de Voltaire*, and an edition of the Bible reproduced many specimens of his work. In 1853, he made his



MY UNCLE, THE ABBÉ.
By J. G. Vibert.

first appearance at the Salon with two pictures which met with a decided success. But the young painter dreamed of other horizons than his natal one, and the Pyrenees were the mountains that guarded his promised land. Indeed, when, at the end of a desultory journey by way of Bayonne, Leon and Old Castille, he arrived at Madrid at the moment of the opening of the annual exhibition of Spanish artists, (1865), and the idea came to him to send one of his own paintings, the jury unanimously voted him a first medal, despite the regulation forbidding foreign painters to compete for the rewards. In 1866, M. Worms accompanied the painter Ferandez to Valencia; in 1867 he installed himself at Taragona in Aragon; in 1871 he passed six weeks in Grenada in company with Fortuny; in 1877 it was in Avila and Salamanca that he set up his easel. From each of these excursions the painter has brought back the "*motifs*" of his canvases so sparkling with truth and ingenuousness. In 1866, "Une Course de Navillos," in the province of Valencia, (now in the museum at Pau); in 1867, "Castilian Manners"; in 1868, "la Ronda"; in 1869, the "Precocious Talent"; in 1870, the "Sale of a Mule." During the siege of Paris, M. Worms painted the "Galiegada;" in 1872, "Shearing Mules"; in 1874, the "Maquignons"; in 1875, the "Vocation." Succeeding this brilliant series, the "Sensational Item," the "Blacksmith," and the "City Drummer." "The Flower of his Choice" and the "Bull Fountain" date from 1877; the "Inattentive Barber" and "Each Age has its Pleasures," from 1878.

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In each of the pages, which form his work, and for which already the connoisseurs dispute, M. Worms has given proof of qualities which, in the midst of the remissness and irreverence of so much of the modern French school, are indeed qualities of the first order. With him nothing is left to hazard, to the unforeseen. The painter knows perfectly in advance whither he is going and by just what means he will arrive at his objective point. M. Worms is one of the most brilliant members of the French society of water-color painters, and was medaled in 1867, in 1868, 1869,—in 1878 at the Universal Exposition; he received the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in 1876.

Alphonse de Neuville is a Paris realistic painter born at St. Omer, who emerged from the *Tour du Monde*, wherefor he was making wood-cuts, to follow in the steps of Meissonier's battle-pieces with some most striking canvases devoted to modern wars. It is he who has recently, with such masterly vigor, painted "The Battle of Rorke's Drift" for the Queen. During the Paris Exposition of 1878, a little exhibition of Franco-Prussian subjects was opened at Goupil's, their admission to the Champ de Mars being denied because the Germans were to be attracted as exhibitors at the Fair. Of this annex-exhibition, the star picture was De Neuville's "Bourget." To the Salon of 1881 he contributed "The Bearer of Dispatches," a French spy searched by Prussians,—which we illustrate—and "The Action in the Cemetery of Saint-Privat." The latter, a true page of history, is thus to be described: Marshall Canrobert (6th corps) had resisted the entire day, with twenty thousand men and sixty-six cannon, the ninety thousand soldiers of the royal Prussian guard, the 10th Prussian corps and the Saxon corps. At the end of the day, crushed by this long contest, overwhelmed by the converging fire of 272 guns, flanked by his right, almost surrounded, without ammunition, having vainly claimed the succor of the Imperial Guard, he was forced to abandon Saint-Privat in flames. The debris of the 9th battalion of chasseurs, of the 1st, 10th and 12th of the line, were left in the village to cover the retreat, by holding it to the last extremity. The streets, the houses, were defended foot by foot, against the torrent of Germans invading the village by all the issues at once. The supreme effort of the resistance concentrated in the little cemetery of the church, in the very centre of the village. And there were killed or taken the last defenders, surrounded on all sides, and at the extremity of their forces and their munitions. But the defeat of the 6th corps alone cost the Prussian army ten thousand men, and the next morning king William telegraphed to the queen Augusta, "My Guard has found its tomb before Saint-Privat."

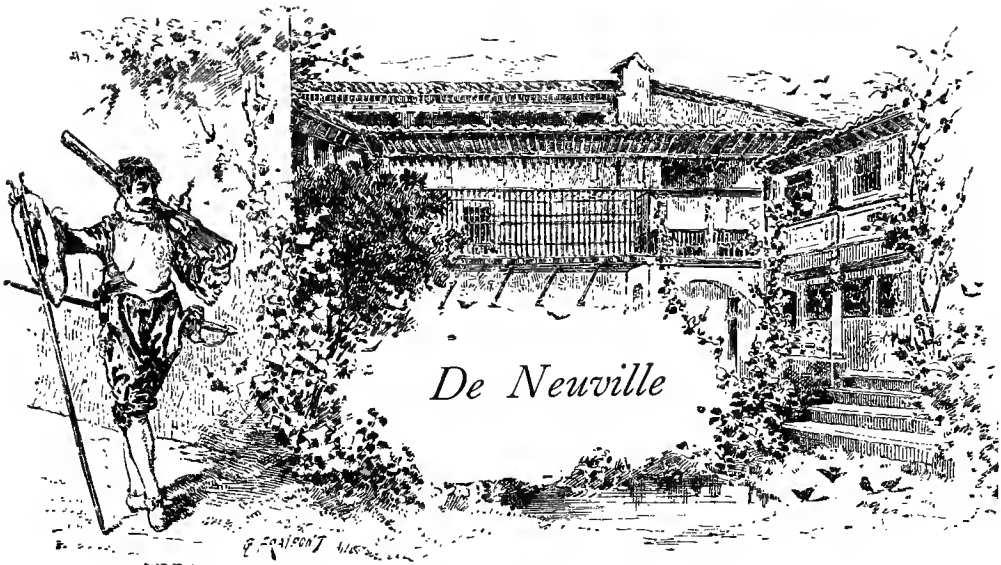
This is the tremendous scene which M. de Neuville has striven to depict in his painting in the 1881 Salon, and before it the Parisians are moved, as they well may be, to resolve that if ever they regain possession of their conquered provinces they will erect in the cemetery of Saint-Privat Mercié's incomparable group of the *Gloria Victis*.

M. Alphonse de Neuville stands certainly at the head of the little phalanx of modern painters who have vowed themselves to the god of Battles, and whose *cultus*, which seemed so obsolete, revived in blood in the war of 1870-71.

He, especially, seems to have emerged from his country's disasters like a prophet called to his vocation,—“the road trampled by the German hordes has been his road to Damascus.” He was born at Saint Omer, the 31st of May, 1836. His youth, which the fortune of his parents exempted from distress, was passed in the lyceum of his native town, from which he emerged at the age of sixteen with the diploma of a bachelor of arts. Then began the usual struggle with adverse influences and family aspirations as to the choice of a profession; his relatives would have seen him preparing himself to hold worthily some post in the civic administration,—the young man himself would be a soldier, a sailor. And he so far prevailed as to be permitted to enter the preparatory Naval School at Lorient. Here he first manifested his talent, and here he found the first prophet of his future greatness in M. Dahousset, the professor of drawing at the school. “Whatever you do, remember that you will never be anything but a painter,” said he to his pupil.



THE BEARER OF DISPATCHES.
Sketch by A. de Newville.



LIKE the infallible talisman in "Titbottom's Spectacles," a lens in the schoolmaster's visual apparatus detected the exact nature of the pupil before him. De Neuville, as an artist, was predestinated. He was not sorry, for the profession of arts seemed to him as noble as the profession of arms. But on the youth's return to Saint-Omer after his first year at Lorient, he found that his father had repented of his former concession, and the young man was obliged to enter upon a course of law studies, with what mental reservations as to the disposal of his leisure time we can only imagine. Indeed for the next

three years a large proportion of his hours were passed in sketching the soldiers at the Military School and in the Champ de Mars, and he must have been rather surprised himself at the success with which he completed his law studies. On his return home the struggle was renewed, and lasted during an entire year, maintained without tyranny on the one side or disrespect on the other, but with the firmness on both of sincere conviction. Finally the elder yielded so far as to go with his son to Paris, portfolio under his arm, and seek at the doors of the great artists of the day for counsel and guidance. And history has preserved the reply of the first of these, Bellangé, to the doubting pair. "Of a hundred painters who pass their

lives before their easels there are perhaps ten who do not die of hunger; and of these ten not one has a happy life." Nor did M. Yvon find any promises of talent in the aspirant's drawings, and repeated the advice to go back to the native provinces. But the advice was rejected, as it so often is, and young De Neuville entered the atelier of Picot, which however he left at the end of a few days and went to work alone. In the winter of 1858-59, he completed his first picture—"The 5th Battalion of Chasseurs at the Jervais Battery, (Malakoff)," and carried it for criticism to his sometime master, M. Picot. The elder artist was surprised at the vigor of the work of so inexperienced a painter, and, although he found some faults to reprehend,—a hotness of tone,



Tribunal in the Reign of Terror. Sketch by George F. A. Cain.

a want of emphasis in the values of the foreground, the younger went away much encouraged and dilating with the assurance that success was truly within his grasp. The errors indicated he corrected, the painting was placed in the Salon, and he had the pleasure of seeing it medaled. He had the further pleasure of precious encouragement from a greater than Picot, Eugène Delacroix, who admitted him to the intimacy of his own studio, and whose text was constantly "Study movement; without movement the form is nothing,"—a creed that may explain in great measure the inaccuracy of Delacroix' own design. When the German war broke over his country, he threw aside the palette for the Chassepot, and, more fortunate than Regnault, he lived till peace was

proclaimed, and since that peace his fame and his talents have constantly expanded till his name has become well nigh a household word in the humblest home in France. At the Salon of 1872 with the "Bivouac before Bourget" he opened his new series; in 1873, the "Last Cartridges;" in 1874, "The Combat on a Railway;" in 1875, the "Attack on a house barricaded, at Villersexel." In the Salon of 1881, M. de Neuville exhibited, together with the "Cemetery of Saint-Privat" a "Bearer of Despatches," and it is on this occasion that he has been made officer of the Legion of Honor. It is before this second painting (which we illustrate) that the French critics are the most moved with the painter's pathos and his scorn of his Teuton enemies. The date is "Sainte-Marie-aux-Chênes, près Metz, September, 1870." A sub-lieutenant disguised as a peasant, seeking to penetrate into Metz, to convey there some dispatches, has been captured by a patrol of hussars, brought before the Prussian staff, interrogated and searched; a spy discovered is immediately shot. He holds himself upright without any braggadocio, though he knows that his minutes are counted. Alas! how many have met their deaths thus, and uselessly, for Bazaine, whatever might arrive, had resolved to reply to no appeal and to sacrifice his army rather than to extend any aid to the government of the National Defence.

M. Aimé Perret is an artist whose talent his compatriots consider to be strictly individual and to be marked by a sort of local accent, all the more complete possibly because of its restriction. He was born at Lyons and pursued his first studies in its school of the Fine Arts. Lyons and Toulouse have given to contemporary French art many of its best known names. M. Perret first saw the light in a family of merchants, but as soon as he was able to walk alone he betook himself to crayons and rude drawings with a sort of instinct. Through the narrow paths of industrial and decorative art he felt his way into the open fields and the intimate study of nature. At the Salon of Lyons in 1867 he made his début with the "Borders of the Saône," with the mist rising from the low-lying lands, and two years afterwards at the Paris Salon with "The Gossips of the banks of the Saône." In 1873 he strayed into Brittany and exhibited in the Salon of that year a "Fisherman's Daughter," and in the next an "Eastern Woman" from a country unknown to the geographers. Some little time afterwards the manner of the painter underwent a sudden change, his choice of subjects veered round to the "genre" and his new pictures meet with an equal success. But it was at the Salon of 1876 that M. Perret established definitely his rank and conquered his place before the public with his "Burgundian Wedding in the 18th century." The "Brittany Baptism" in the following year was equally well received and from this date, excepting at rare intervals, M. Perret constituted himself the historian of rural life, a "realist" in the best sense of the word. He wished to share, that he might depict, the joys, the passions and the sorrows of the dwellers far from the cities, and with the boundless horizons of the fields his talent enlarged, his ideas became more elevated, his hand strengthened. He wished to portray the country on canvas as others have described it in books. It was

under this inspiration that he executed the "Rêve dans l'herbe," Salon of 1878, and the "Extreme Unction in Burgundy," Salon of 1879. This latter composition produced a sincere effect on the public, "the pathos of the primitive painters seemed to disengage itself from the picture." The melancholy procession tramps down the wintry road carrying the sacrament to some dying believer, the gray-haired village curé guards carefully the precious ciborium, the church-wardens support a dais over his head, two choir-boys precede and two old women, hooded and cowed, follow. The level fields beyond are covered with snow, and the cold pierces to the bones.

We illustrate one of the rustic church-wardens of this fine picture.



A PLEASANT NEIGHBORHOOD!
Sketch by J. Worms.

But it is not given to frail humanity to walk always without stumbling, and in his exhibit at this year's Salon his countrymen doubt but that M. Perret has left his own well-beaten paths to follow the shade of one greater than he into difficult grounds. M. Perret is assuredly a very great admirer of J. F. Millet, and it is this admiration which has inspired his "Sower." He has endeavored to render the sober color, the profound horizons of the master, in which he is to be commended, for when one wishes to reproduce the people of the earth, a more noble leader cannot be found. But this sower is vulgar. This good fellow of M. Perret, heavy and large, will certainly not be able to

march long with this particular step, keeping exact time with the movement of the hand. He will be broken with fatigue long before the rays of the setting sun gild the earth.

As the aspects of Nature are infinite, so may the characteristics of her followers be, and wide as may be the space between Messrs. Perret and Vibert, we may be sure that this beneficent goddess accepts the homage of both. Like Perret, M. Jehan-Georges Vibert embraced the career of art almost in his infancy, and by a sort of instinct. He was even born in an atmosphere tinted with color, his grandfather, a celebrated botanist and gardener and above



A Wedding in the last Century. Sketch by Firmin Girard.

all a distinguished rose-grower, had given his name to three roses. His mother had also the blood of an artist in her veins, for her father was the celebrated Jazet, an engraver of great merit, well-known by his fine reproductions in "*aqua-tinta*" of the pictures of Horace Vernet. Vibert was born in 1840, entered very young into the studio of Picot, and thence into that of Barrias. He penetrated into the school of the Beaux-Arts and attracted the attention of his professors, but failed to win the prize of Rome in the Concours. Nevertheless he felt himself attracted toward the "grand style" in painting, attacked



A RURAL CHURCH-WARDEN.

From "*Carrying the Extreme Unction, Burgundy.*" By A. Perret.

valiantly the study of the nude, and for three years after 1864, the date of his first exhibition, he persevered in this doubtful way. But though he succeeded in interesting the artists in his débuts, the great public remained indifferent, and patrons were not. The studio of the painter remained deserted; his chimera alone disported herself there. At twenty-five years it is easy to despair, and the young painter was struck with fear at this solitude in the midst of the crowd. Not being able to bring the amateurs to his doors, he resolved to follow their tastes, and in 1867 he boarded the "genre" as bravely as he had the "grand style," and with much more tangible success. The "Roll-call after the Pillage" was medaled, and Fortune herself lightened his doorways and penetrated into his atelier. All the world is familiar with this lucky picture through innumerable reproductions,—the long line of picturesque ruffians, muffled in all sorts of costumes, covered with broad hats or with morions, some carrying heavy arquebuses, others pikes, lances or halberds, and the captain on foot endeavoring to verify the number of his men of whom too many are in the inn or asleep on the highway. The scene, which passes in a charming village landscape, was so wittily written, so valiantly painted and in a scheme of color so subtle, that it pleased all the world; the amateurs of the incident, facetiously told, decided that M. J. G. Vibert had a future. Nor were their predictions disappointed in the brilliant series of paintings which have followed each other from the artist's pencil. His sketches of "The Naturalists," a pair congratulating each other urbanely on the recovery of some noisome vermin or other, and "My Uncle the Abbé," showing a good priest helping an urchin to sail his boat, respectively show the skillful painter in his elegant familiar comedy, sharp, pungent and realistic as the wit of Sheridan.

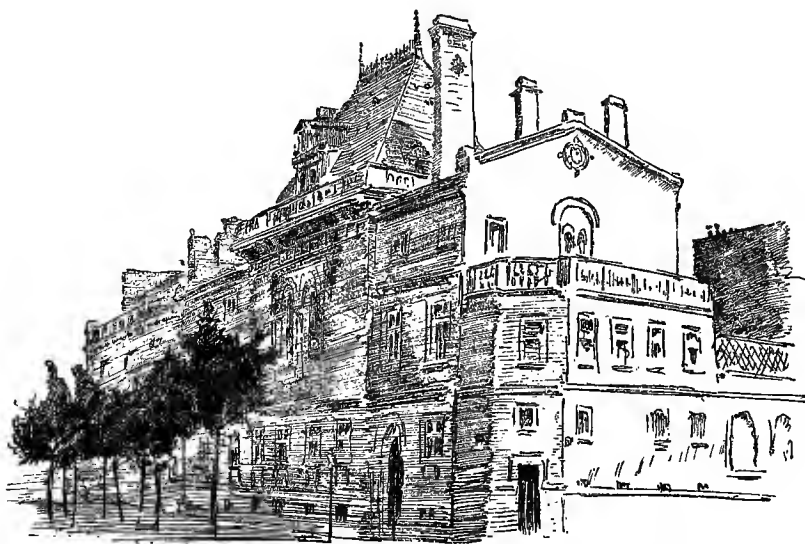
Georges Cain, a young realist of the realists, for he is a pupil of Detaille

and of Vibert, was represented at a Salon of 1881, by his most ambitious painting, "A Tribunal under the Reign of Terror." This picture represents the Revolution under a somewhat novel aspect, since it takes us out of the central Jacobin government of Paris and of Marat. We are here in the provinces, in the saloon of some devastated château, in one of those centres where the tribunal of blood caused irreparable disasters to the national progress by its blundering brutality. The sketch gives only the accusing party; before these Jacks-in-office we must imagine some wretched nobleman, or amazed rustic. The personage in the fur cap like Doctor Franklin's is the delegated judge—armed from the Paris Jacobins with power to sink whole companies in scuttled boats, or to tie priests and nuns together in the death-marriage—both favorite modes of execution in the country-places. His associate in the liberty-cap, looks at the victim with boding mischief in his eye, and beside him Fouquier's sly agent, the informer, watches with a spy's furtive regard. In front, the Marquise's favorite and dainty escritoire is abused to the usage of the registration of blood.

Edouard Detaille is Parisian born, in appearance naught better than a fashionable boulevard loungeur, a figure fit to be paid money by the manager, to loll gracefully in an opera box on an opening night. Stylish, elegant and citified as he looks, however, Detaille is no vapid dandy. He has served with courage and perseverance in the war with Germany, and more lately he has gone to Tunis, following up the modern Carthaginians with Fabian tenacity as they make war once more upon the Latin race. His early education was military, and when the German war sprung up, Detaille found himself encamped, as an officer, in the same headquarters in the environs of Paris where he had learned his warlike exercises. His love for drawing and sketching was innate, and the accuracy of his eye was such that the general in command was accustomed, during the operations for the defence of Paris, to call upon Detaille for impromptu maps of the country surrounding the capital, which the skillful draughtsman was always able to furnish at a given moment. The artistic educators of this clever executant were two, Meissonier and the camera lucida. Meissonier, who never takes pupils, made an exception in his case, as he also did in the cases of his wife's nephew, Steinheil and of his American protégé, Knight. Detaille learned from Meissonier the purest philosophy of realistic painting. When that great artist had taught him all he knew, the lesson was skilfully continued by the camera lucida, a little instrument which projects a small colored spectrum of surrounding objects upon your canvas, where they may be traced with security and deliberation. Much practice with this instrument has made Detaille a more consummate sketcher than Callot himself, and his little pen-and-inks have the nicety of photographs along with the freedom of hand-work. The design here introduced, "The loss of the French clocks," is from a decoration made for a lady's fan; it represents the Prussians taking flight with great bell-glasses and parlor pendules, repeating once more that satire which the French shot after their conquerors, apparently forgetting how their own emperor in this very century had filled the Louvre with the spoils of Europe. In the

same vein Detaille painted an elaborate picture, "Our Conquerors"—represented as Jews, the true vanquishers of the French, getting possession of the rich furniture of the capital by means of bargains with the Prussians. "Saluting the Wounded," a picture in the American gallery of Mr. S. Hawk, shows a French marshal's staff giving the military salute to a small party of wounded German prisoners filing past. "How many Prussian prisoners are represented?" slily asked MacMahon, discussing the picture. "About a dozen, *mon président*," was replied. "Then it may go to the Salon," replied the sarcastic chief magistrate, "for I think we did take as many as that!" But the painter, from motives of prudence, with temporary water-colors, changed the Germans to Austrian prisoners of Solferino. The story of the picture, in fact, suffered three changes, making it a singular Pythagorean mystery; first, the captives were French, saluted by Prussians; then Prussians, saluted by French; then Austrians saluted by the Emperor's cent-garde; and now, in Mr. Hawk's parlor, Prussians again!

Firmin Girard, born at Poncin, Ain, was in youth a pupil of Gleyre, but changed his style for the bright, "snappy" realism of modern literal copy-work. Such pictures of his as the "Flower Market," in Mr. Theron R. Butler's New York collection are as good as a photograph of the glancing movement of Paris streets. Our selection, the "Wedding in the last Century," given a little further back in time, is still real and literal as if the figures were actually before the artist's eye; it is far more exact in type than a painting by the real contemporary of such scenes, Greuze. It has the accent of fidelity, of copyism, which we scarce find in eighteenth century painting, but which exists in eighteenth century literature, in comedies or novelettes, in Beaumarchais or in Restif de la Brétoune.



Sketch of Meissonier's hotel on the Boulevard Malesherbes, Paris.

HECTOR LEROUX
AND
THE IDEALISTS







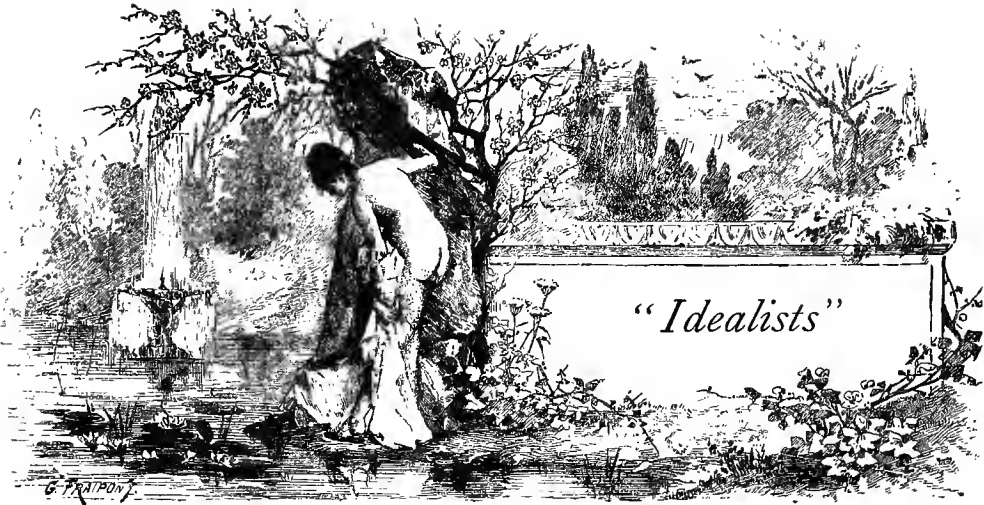
J. J. A. LECOMTE DU NOUÏ



Honeymoon



Photogravure Goupil & Co



HECTOR LEROUX AND THE "IDEALISTS."



The Negligent Vestal. By H. Leroux.

ET the list of Parisian artists whom we have agreed to designate as "Idealists" begin with Hector Le Roux, one of the best known French classical painters, a supreme favorite in this country. For seventeen years he made the Eternal City his dwelling place, living for some time in the charming apartments in the Via Quattro Fontano, now occupied by the American Chas. Caryl Coleman, where he painted "the Vestal Tuccia," "Vestal Fire relighted by a Miracle," the "Danaïdes," etc. The first-named is now in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. His "Funeral in the Columbarium of the House of the Cæsars" (1864) is in the Luxembourg, and in the Salon of 1880 he was represented by a group of these priestesses flying from

the Last Days of Herculaneum. One of LeRoux's most telling paintings represents the "Vestal Asleep," (sketched as initial for this article) in which the suspense, if more quiet than that of the "Herculaneum," is no less intense. We watch with bated breath the smouldering embers of that sacred fire before which the careless guardian slumbers, so unwitting of her peril. If she would but waken in time to revive the dying flame and avert her own cruel fate! It is related that when questioned by a friend concerning his devotion to the

history of these virgins, he replied that chance alone induced him to depict them in his first picture which had such a success, and that he had always returned to them "for gratitude at first, afterwards for sympathy." Certainly these chaste and graceful figures, draped in their white vestments, are not the least worthy imaginings to hold in such tender bonds. The picture of "Claudia Quinta," whose principal figure we illustrate, shows the glorious vestal, endowed with supernatural power, drawing in tow the heavy ship. According to the legend, when the vessel which bore to Rome the consecrated statue of the Good Goddess became fast in the shallows of the Tiber, the vestal Claudia Quinta did what the government and priesthood failed in doing, and easily drew the galley up the stream by the end of her girdle. An extract from a private letter of M. LeRoux's to the American owner of his "Aurelia and Pomponia," shows the sincerity of his studies in Roman celibacy—that singular effort on the part of the ancients in the direction of purity, unknown to the Greeks but regarded as most important by the Latins, and resembling more a wild Druid or Amazonian observance than a custom of the queen city of the world. "You do not know how terrible was the law," remarks familiarly M. LeRoux, "ruling this company of virgins. They must constantly keep up the sacred fire; if extinguished, it was death. They must always remain single; if their vow of maidenhood was broken, it was execution, a terrible death for them and their accomplices. Nearly every article of this barbarous law was death, the method only being varied. Sometimes they were buried alive, again, whipped to death. Seventeen girls whose names I have collected perished thus, and two unfortunate heroines, Aurelia and Pomponia, sisters, were condemned to death together in the reign of Caracalla, and buried alive for the violation of their vows." Much as he sympathizes with the troubles of his special protégées, M. LeRoux is more fortunate in depicting their triumphs; and this victorious "Claudia Quinta," and the equally lucky "Tuccia" of the Corcoran gallery, carrying water in a sieve, are the happiest of all the pictures he has devoted to the goddess of his idolatry, Vesta. M. LeRoux owes much to American patrons. His "Vestal Tuccia," with the water-bearing sieve, is, as has just been said, in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. His "Daughters" is owned by Mr. William Astor, his "School of Vestals" by Mr. John Jacob Astor, his "Trial of the Vestals Aurelia and Pomponia" by Mr. J. T. Martin, of Brooklyn, and numbers of his smaller works are scattered over the country. A duplicate of his picture in the Luxembourg Gallery, "A Funeral in a Columbarium," was sold in the auction of Mr. John Taylor Johnston's pictures.

It is impossible to omit, from a notice of French Ideal Painting, the names of Baudry, Jules Lefebvre, and Puvis de Chavannes. The last-named is as prominent in religious, as the two former in classic art. Paul Baudry, born in the Napoléon-Vendé in 1828, a pupil of Drolling, obtained in 1850 the Great Prize of Rome, authorizing him to live in Italy at the government's expense. His "Fortune and the Young Infant," in the Luxembourg Gallery, distinctly recalls Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love," and shows a sense of color since lost or discarded. M. Baudry, up to the last decade, has been known principally

for a series of Venuses, Dianas, and Magdalens, admirable studies of the female form. On receiving the commission to decorate the ceiling of the Foyer of the Grand Opera, he returned to Rome, expressly, as he said, to get the *pli*, or bent of Michael Angelo. He made a quantity of studies of the great master, and as a result, the movement, the *golbe*, the poise and proportion of the figures on the opera ceiling are unmatched in modern design. Among all the musical themes he has introduced, Apollo, St. Cecilia, or Orpheus, no part of his compositions has greater dignity, or a more truly Angelesque royalty of attitude, than the series of muses, Euterpe and the rest, which are introduced from space to space, like the Sibyls of the Sistine chapel. It is to be regretted that the appropriations for the paintings of this ceiling were so meagre as barely to remunerate the artist with workman's wages while he toiled. He did his work, however, with the most scrupulous artistic conscience, laboring long before he was able to satisfy himself, and dedicating his toils to fame, not to rewards.

The works of Pierre Puvis de Chavannes are of a nature to redeem modern French art of the suspicion of triviality. His aim has been to capture again the religious simplicity of such early painters as Perugino and Fra Angelico, while, with exquisite taste, he introduces a frank aroma of early rustic rudeness, worthy of the shepherd-painter Giotto, into his ecclesiastical subjects. When such a painter appears in the midst of Paris, simple and canonical in mind as a village priest, it is no longer in order to say that the Paris mind is of necessity frivolous. Still less so, when it is found that this ascetic figure is but one in a line of successors, and that a Puvis de Chavannes has among his functions to continue the traditions of Flandrin and Ary Schaffer. The decorative compositions of M. Puvis, which have sometimes seemed apt to call forth a smile in the garish exhibitions of the capital, have invariably justified themselves when installed in their places among the large simple forms of church architecture, and their unfashionable directness of attitude and breadth of style have then been seen to conduce to a noble and well-calculated effect. His works are to be found in the church of the Pantheon at Paris, and at Amiens, at Poitiers, and Marseilles. He was born at Lyons, studied at Paris under Henri Schaffer—a constructive testimony to his sympathy with the greatest mystical painter of the generation just past, Henri's brother, Ary Schaffer. He also took lessons from Couture. Greeted at first with a certain derision, M. Puvis de Chavannes has now conquered the first place in religious art.

Jules Lefebvre, like Baudry, is a gainer of the Prize of Rome. He was born at Tournan (Seine-et-Marne) and received his Prize while working in Cogniet's atelier in Paris. Like so many of the alumni of the Roman college of French art, he has taken up ideal themes, such as the works of Raphael and Leonardo infallibly suggest, and has delighted the public with an exquisite



BAUDRY

series of Dianas, Mignons, Graziellas, "Cigales," and the like. Many of his finest works are in the wealthy private galleries of America, including those with the three last names just used.

After all, is ideal art worth the while? Courbet, and Manet, and Bonnat, and some of the strongest painters of the age, have scoffed at any painting but simple copy-work of every-day effects; and they have magnificent achievements to support their arguments.

After all, the position of the "idealists" may be simply stated;—they find



ST. AGNES

By A. A. E. Hebert.

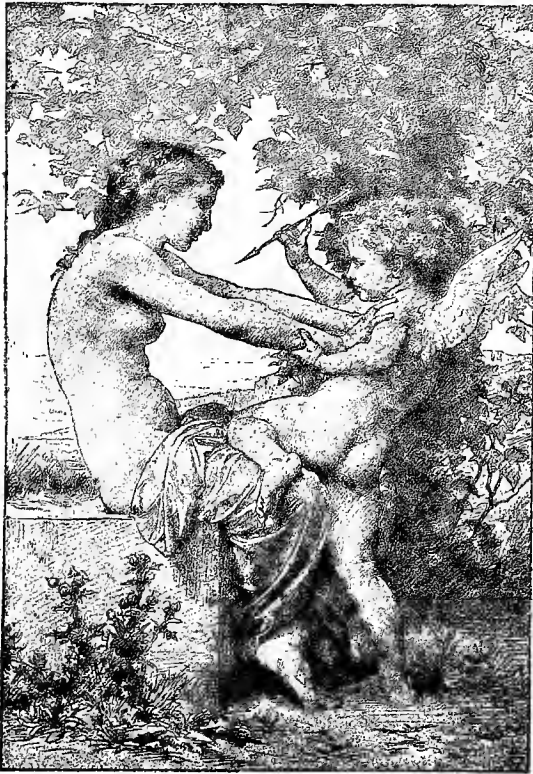
their little mannikin, *genus Homo*, set on his earth with certain dumb beasts for companions and a Darkness at either end of his life of which he knows nothing at all. Very well, what shall he do to vaunt himself? For most practical purposes the beasts are his betters, they are fleeter and stronger, they can build and destroy and take cognizance and reproduce themselves even as he. But all their efforts stop at the tangible and the outward, *he* alone knows of something more which is invisible and beyond; if he would not be as the beasts that perish, let him assert all that he knows of the Unknown. The mere knowledge of the *facts* of Nature avails nothing, the most perfect recognition of the tracery of the sapling against the sky, of the gray hill-side melting into the grayer fog-wreath, of the infinite variations in the slow wave, long on the windward side and short on the leeward, never yet saved a single human soul. Nature has *no* message to many and many a mortal, to the clown who turns the

long furrow she says never a word, though he was born in her fields and draws all his life in the breath of her mouth; the smallest loss on Achilles' hammered shield was more to Homer than the greenest slope of Mount Ida. Let us search and find art that which is not wood nor stone nor soil; if we are to live through the endless spaces as the faith of the churchman promises him, let us prepare ourselves a little beforehand; if we are to die as the beasts, at least, let us not live as the beasts! And through all this weary and endless debate the wit of the French tongue and the trained skill of the



The Vestal Claudia Quinta Drawing the Vessel up the Tiber. Sketch by Hector Le Roux.

French hand are at the service of the foremost contestants on both sides. If the Munkácsists call the imitators of Henner silversmiths, the followers of Henner call those of Munkácsy blacksmiths, and add as a *clincher* that of the limited creed of the ateliers, "*Il n'y a que deux choses, la femme et le bitume,*" the pupils of the Hungarian painter suppress the first article and devote themselves to the bitumen. There is a Frenchman's painting, a well-known allegorical subject, in which the two figures might almost be taken as representatives of the two schools of art, called,—for life is short and words must not be wasted,—“realistic” and “ideal.” The monk, meagre, tonsured, tormented, drowned in



ASSAULT AND DEFENCE.

By W. A. Bouguereau.

his sombre drapery, may typify the hard, practical study of things as they are; the shining and naked vision that the very bird, terrified, knows is not of this earth, though it seems so much like the fairest of earthly flesh, may represent the fleeting ideal. But the painter, Monsieur de Beaumont, makes no secret of the school of which he is a member, he does not give us the ecclesiastic of Herman Léon or of Chevilliard, under the convent wall or in the curé's salon, smiling, unctuous, snuff-taking; but buried in the anchorite's cave in gloom and fear and assailed by the most searching of the temptations of the Prince of the Powers of the Air. St. Anthony or unknown friar, neither his faith nor his courage stand him in good stead in this most perilous pass; where now is his upright front and his

"apage! Satana! Sanctissimo Nomine Jesu!" It is a curious consideration that in the innumerable "Temptations" like this of M. Beaumont which the painters, from Teniers down, have given us, the emissary of the Evil One should always betray so plainly her true character. We are inclined to think that the artists have underrated the abilities of the Enemy, that he would be able, as he certainly would be wise enough, to send a messenger that would deceive the more wary of saints and only entice the tempted one step by step away from virtue. In the old Flemish pictures the beautiful (according to Flemish lights) visitor not only displays her claw foot, but enters accompanied by a host of monsters, creeping and flying, that would advertise the blindest

and deafest of old hermits of the true nature of the embassy. Possibly the master was thinking not so much of his picture as of his audience, and was solicitous that his allegory should be in no wise misconstrued. In the Museum at Caen there is a noble rendering of St. Anthony's adventure by Paul Veronese himself,—a very forcible "Temptation," for the unfortunate old recluse is thrown to the earth by a vigorous male figure who threatens him with a storm of blows, but the fair and shining woman who clasps the upraised hand of the saint, is of the beauty of Heaven itself. Only the tapering fingers of her lovely hand, where they cross the palm of the other, end in long black claws. May we always be able to detect in the fairest appearance of evil the black marks that come of the Pit! M. Charles-Édouard de Beaumont was born at Lannion, Côtes-du-Nord, and made his début among his fellow-craftsmen from the atelier of Boisselier, from whom it may be doubted if he acquired many of those painting qualities which have made his reputation. One of his best known pictures, dated 1868, "The Part of the Captain," in the Luxembourg Gallery, exemplifies these strongly; is an excellent example of the warmth and richness of his palette, and of the true painter's happy knack of refining the most atrocious subject. At the foot of a stake in the courtyard of the pillaged castle are flung down, indiscriminately, swords, tapestry, articles of jewelry and two women,—the captain's portion of the plunder. His followers, scattered around, regard the spoils with eyes of indifference, of covetousness, and of rage; it is the very *vulgarity* of war. Painted by M. Manet the scene would be insupportable; painted by M. de Beaumont it is a delight to the eye by its dramatic force, its glowing color and skillful design. The painter is a member of the French society of painters in water-colors, and one of the very latest accessions to the art treasures of our own favored country is his contribution to the exhibition of 1880, "A Tête-à-tête," in which two of Silenus' youngest followers, a kid and a Faun, lay their heads together and push for the mastery.

With a temperament more elegant than M. de Beaumont's perhaps,—or more bloodless perhaps,—Bouguereau still holds his rank as chief of a school and forces all the world to have account with him, willingly or unwillingly. Member of the Institute, officer of the Legion of Honor, member of the jury "*à perpétuité*," covered with medals, he may be attacked and defended, but cannot be passed in silence. It has been said of him that he has nothing more to learn, and that he has much need to forget. The fact is that he is a busy man, and that very few know their trade so well as he. He possesses all the secrets of the art of painting; he is acquainted with all its capacities, and, at need, with all its tricks. Join to this an incomparable skill of the hand, and it will be comprehended that this painter, experienced, medalled, decorated, accoladed, does absolutely that which he wishes and, without going outside of the gamut which he has chosen to adopt, amuses himself at pleasure with the difficulties which have seemed insurmountable to so many others. He was born at La Rochelle in 1825, educated in Paris and placed in a business house in Bordeaux, where he drifted naturally into the school of

drawing of M. Alaux for the space of two hours each day, and endured the scorn of his fellow-students as a "commerçant." Nevertheless at the end of the year he carried off the prize of the concours and stirred up a riot and a formal protest. Emboldened by his success he proclaimed to his family his intention of becoming an artist, and, penniless as he was, departed for Saintonge, where he had an uncle, a priest, and was lucky enough to find a country never before invaded by painters. Here he fell to executing portraits, and when he had saved the sum of 900 francs, he departed for Paris, where



A SPRING IDYL.

By C. Bruncau.

he entered the school of Picot, and later the École des Beaux-Arts. Here his progress was rapid, and in 1850 he gained the grand prix de Rome, (History). From the Villa Médicis he sent to the Salon of 1855 the "Body of St. Cecilia borne to the Catacombs," now in the Luxembourg, and which may be said to mark the beginning of his fame. His decorative paintings embellish the churches of St. Clothilde and St. Augustin in Paris; the ceiling of the concert-room, Bordeaux theatre; the Hôtel Pereire, and other buildings public and private. In the Luxembourg also are "Philomela and Progne" from the Salon of 1861, and the "*Vierge Consolatrice*" from that of 1876. The latter, painted in a sorrowful year to commemorate the death of his wife and his child, is perhaps of all his religious pictures the most moving and the most devout. The despair of the young bride who throws herself across the knees of the Heavenly Mother, the pallid little corpse at their feet, and the infinite pity and tenderness in the dark eyes of the Virgin, are all the more touching coming from this painter with his "so little faith." At the latest Salons, M. Bouguereau exhibited "the First Christmas Hymn," which we reproduce, and the "Attack and Defence" of page 36. In the charming and sleepy Virgin, holding on her knees the dreaming infant, around whom the angels press chanting, we have perhaps an epitome of the painter's art, graceful, serenely beautiful to the mind and to the eye.



NLESS our memory is treacherous there appeared also in the same Salon (of 1881) M. Hébert's "St. Agnes," of whom we give a drawing, and who may well be follower and cousin to Bouguereau's tender Virgin. If one would not willingly die at the feet of this blessed damozel, one feels at least, in regarding her, a stir of that state of cleanliness of mind and impulse towards good living which it is not the least noble of the missions of Art to bring about. The painter has evidently experienced a change of heart since those days when Edmond About reproached him with belonging to the school of—medicine, and with painting pictures that it gave one the unwholesome flush of fever to contemplate. Antoine-Auguste-Ernest Hébert was born at Grenoble in 1817, and the picture by which he is

possibly best known happens to be the one by which he first attracted public attention. "The Malaria," a small painting hung in a corner of the Luxembourg, has a trick of adhering in the memory of every one who has once seen it, if only by means of the round blonde head of the peasant-woman in the middle of the boat and the gray, lowering atmosphere in which there is an indefinable threatening of evil. It would scarcely be thought that the painter was also a lawyer, and had graduated from the *École de Droit* in Paris and taken his oath as barrister in the same year that he won the prize of Rome at the school of the Beaux-Arts. This was in 1839, his art studies had been prosecuted in the studio of David d' Angers and under the counsels of Delaroche, and his first Salon exhibit, "Tasso in Prison," was purchased by the Museum of his native town. In the Luxembourg may be seen besides

his Malaria, the "Kiss of Judas" from the Salon of 1853, figures the size of life, and the Traitor touching the Saviour in a strange light of lanterns; "Les Cervarolles," Italian peasant girls, from the Salon of 1859; and a portrait of Madame d' Attainville, bequeathed to the museum in 1875 by her husband. M. Hébert was made chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1853, officer in 1867, commander in 1874; he was director of the Academy of France at Rome in 1867, and became a member of the Institute in 1874.

Among the innumerable portraits in the Salon of 1878 there hung one before which the agile critic of the "Figaro" thus disported himself. "M. le marquis de Saint M—— has had an excellent idea, and one which I would venture to recommend to all those who wish to assure themselves against the chances of going to inhabit after death the attics of their mansions,—at least in effigy. It is well known, in fact, that the heirs relegate with sufficient cheerfulness the preceding proprietor to the garret while they go to take their place in the saloon. It is this which the clever Marquis de Saint M—— has wished to avoid. Therefore has he made of his portrait a veritable *picture*, by demanding of the artist his representation in the costume of an Arab chief, of whom he has indeed the dignity and the grand air.—How then! put in the garret a gentleman so decorative, and who has the appearance of the cousin of a bey or the brother of an emir? He is much too handsome a piece of furniture for that! He shall be kept for the *salon de réception*. This time they have acted wisely—for the portrait is signed Charles Landelle." M. Landelle has not confined himself to the production of ingenious portraits, he is represented in the Luxembourg by a "Presentation of the Virgin" painted on wood, and in which the figures are of the size of life. It will be seen that he has a complexity in his talent, and indeed his religious paintings are both Christian and Greek, and his historical and decorative include a vast range of subjects. In 1878 the Gazette des Beaux-Arts commended him for "purifying his profane talent, and leaving his seraglio to enter the Church and portray saints," assuring him that by so doing his name would become, if not more celebrated, at least more enduring. By the chaste and capped head of the Greek girl which we lay before our readers they may be enabled to judge at least of the grace of his "profane" talent. He was born at Laval (Mayenne) in 1821, was a pupil of Delaroche, made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1855 and received one of the innumerable medals at the Philadelphia Exhibition in 1876. Many of his decorative paintings,—in the Palace of the Council of State on the south bank of the Seine and in the Hôtel de Ville on the north side—were destroyed by the Paris Commune, but there still remain as monuments of his talent six decorative panels in the Palace Elysée.

Léon Perrault was also medaled in Philadelphia, for a very sumptuous study of a "Bather," which Mr. Ferris once skillfully etched, and where he was also represented by a "Repose." In the Salon of 1881 he exhibited a "Death of Abel;" in that of 1880, "Love Asleep" and "Love Triumphant" the latter of which is illustrated on page 46. In this fancy, which has had the honor of innumerable reproductions, the vainglorious young god is mounted astride of

the back of his latest subject, a fair young woman who, vanquished and on her hands and knees, carries smilingly her conqueror. It is not a very worthy conceit; it seems to us that a demonstration of the champions of the softer sex is always in order before this canvas. Besides his Philadelphia medal M. Perrault has two gained in Paris in 1864 and 1876; he was a pupil of Picot and Bouguereau, and was born in 1832 at Poitiers. His family were not rich, but the boy had but one desire,—to become an artist; and as he early manifested his talent he was set to follow the course of drawing in the schools of his natal city. At the age of fourteen he essayed portrait painting, and about that time became associated with a decorative artist in some restorations of the mural paintings which ornamented one of the most ancient churches in Poitiers, consecrated to Saint Radegonde. In 1851 he obtained the first number at a competition, and set himself to gain the grand prize, when Louis Napoleon's famous Coup d' État upset his small plans, as it did so many larger ones. Two years afterwards however found him fairly launched in Paris, furnished with a small pension, and from that time his progress was rapid. His greatest errors are summed up thus by a competent French writer;—"M. Perrault is a pupil of Bouguereau, and an apt pupil, working a little in the manner of the painters on porcelain, a style which, displeasing to some, is seductive to others, but which lacks that accent which captivates and attaches the lovers of tone painting."

The figure in the hammock which formed the subject of his loveliest painting shows M. Perrault at his best. This "Bather" is pure, modest, innocent, and young, while she is also beautiful; one would think that Beauty, coming among those other attributes like the gift of the bad fairy, would ruin them all; but the harm has not in this case been done, and the delicacy of the character enters as the last added charm to complete its perfection. The "Meditation" on page 42, also by this refined artist, shows a lovely but spirited girl, in costume quaint and old-fashioned, sitting in the woods. The scene, the maiden's expression, breathe the very quietude of loneliness. It is remarkable how the painter, by mere expression, contrives to indicate the spirit and the spell of utter solitude. In her lap basks, wide open, an ancient folio, and the girl holds in her hand a pressed blossom which has marked her favorite page, while she looks up from the text with an air that is just the air of day-dreams. One thinks of Keats' line:

"Madeline, asleep in lap of legends old."

Whatever has been imprisoned in old black-letter folios of chivalry or romance has passed into the mind of this maiden. Perrault, whom our engraver especially shows as an artist of the lovely and innocent nude, is known in France very conspicuously as a religious painter. Incited perhaps by his early task of restoration at Saint Rodegonde, he continued the vein of sacred art. His "Saint John," painted in 1876, is in the Museum at La Rochelle; his "Christ at the Tomb" is in the Museum at Pau.

Pierre-Auguste Cot is an artist whom it would be hardly fair to leave out of a chapter dedicated to the Idealists. A pair of his figures have somehow

got entangled in the large letter U which heads the text of our 39th page. These children of M. Cot's are the group of the theme called "Spring," in the life-size picture purchased from Cot by Mr. John Wolfe, of New York. The artist is one of the almost black-skinned, fiery people of the Midi, or South, characterized by an eye like a black coal with a spark in it, short stature, abrupt and enthusiastic ways, hot tempers and abundant capacity for the exercise of love or hate, languor or anger, imagination or chivalry. He was born at Bédarieux (Hérault) in 1838. He entered the school of fine arts at Toulouse,



MEDITATION.

By Leon Perrault.

and there became the fellow-pupil of that other son of the ardent and romantic South, J. P. Laurens, the same who began his art career by going about the villages of the Maritime Alps in a cart, with a band of vagabond fresco-painters, executing cheap saints for country churches, and who has since developed so magnificently with his "Posthumous Trial of Pope Stephen," "Honorius," and "Borgia at the coffin of Isabella." While still a young man, Cot, having obtained success, and perhaps a prize, at the Toulouse school, brought up to Paris, and into the studios of Cogniet and Cabanel, his black gipsy face, his mop of coarse hair, and his rapid, rasping accent like the crackling of thorns under a pot. The "Printemps," or Spring, which we sketch, had an European success—we may add, an American one—in the Salon of 1873. It was purchased, as aforesaid, for New York. While the world was still admiring it, Cot sent to a professional friend of his in New York, the *docteur* or professor Soulages, also from Southern France, then occupied in introducing the Wiedermann light in America, a large sketch on tracing-paper which he showed me, representing two children, of opposite sexes, running away from a storm. This picture, developed, became the next success of Cot; "The Storm" recalled one of the most charming passages of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre's romance, where Paul and Virginia, too young and simple to know their danger, fly innocently to shelter from one of those natural convulsions which proved so fatal to the peace of Æneas and Dido. It was

and there became the fellow-pupil of that other son of the ardent and romantic South, J. P. Laurens, the same who began his art career by going about the villages of the Maritime Alps in a cart, with a band of vagabond fresco-painters, executing cheap saints for country churches, and who has since developed so magnificently with his "Posthumous Trial of Pope Stephen," "Honorius," and "Borgia at the coffin of Isabella." While still a young man, Cot, having obtained success, and perhaps a prize, at the Toulouse school, brought up to Paris, and into the studios of Cogniet and Cabanel, his black gipsy face, his mop of coarse hair, and his rapid, rasping accent like the crackling of thorns under a pot. The "Printemps," or Spring, which we sketch, had an European success—we may add, an American one—in the Salon of 1873. It was purchased, as aforesaid, for New York. While the world was still admiring it, Cot sent to a professional friend of his in New



A Greek Girl at Venice. Sketch by C. Landelle.

purchased by the cousin of the owner of "Spring," Miss Catharine L. Wolfe. At this moment M. Cot is preparing the most ambitious canvas he has yet attempted; it is destined for the Salon of 1882, and will represent Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, the heroine of Kingsley's "Saint's Tragedy;" it will include twenty figures of the size of nature, mostly of the sick, exhibiting every human scourge in their sores and maladies, among whom the royal saint exhibits her beneficence, binding up their wounds with the hands of a queen. M. Cot's earlier productions were the "Hermaphroditus" of 1868, a "Bather" of the same period, acquired by Mme. Boucicaut, a "Prometheus" in 1869,

a "Bayadere," sent to the Vienna Exposition, and many other works of an imaginative and idealistic motive. He received Salon medals in 1870 and 1872, and a World's Fair medal in 1878; he was made chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1874.

On page 38 is seen M. Bruneau's sketch of "A Spring Idyl," a painting exhibited by him in the Salon of 1880. Charles Bruneau is one of the protégés of the government art-school, his professor being Alexandre Cabanel. A youth and damsel, at the hour of life's and nature's morning, find themselves at a garden lake, where a fruit-tree heavy with blossoms shades a statue of Venus with her doves. Daphnis lightly leaps up to the pedestal of the goddess, that he may reach for flowers with which to adorn his loved one's hair. As Chloe



THE FIRST CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Sketch by W. A. Bouguereau.

winds the branches in her tresses, and instinctively imitates the bend of the head and neck which characterizes the goddess, the branch which the youth draws downward happens to rest upon the marble forehead of the idol, for which it forms an accidental chaplet. The fountain therefore reflects two white images, both with bending neck, both crowned with blossoms: and the enamored boy turns with a smile from the marble woman to the living one, and seems to say that he finds the human figure far more beautiful than the divinity. Charles Bruneau, who was born at Angers, and has but recently commenced to exhibit, gives proofs of a poetic talent that will cause his name to be heard of more plainly in the future.

Cabanel himself, who assisted in directing the talents of Cot and of Bruneau, the two artists last mentioned, belongs *se ipse* almost fanatically to the sect of the "idealists," and would receive a more elaborate notice in this volume only that his age and the declining merit of his later work separate him from those who are now forming art opinion in Europe, and place him among the *ci-devants* or "have been" masters. His picture of 1881, "Portia and the Caskets," is not considered worthy of his better days, and his "Tamar" (placed in the Luxembourg the year of the last World's Fair by favoritism) makes but a sickly contrast with the "Saint Louis," his youthful effort included in the same gallery. The "Saint Louis," however, may be considered to be the justification for all time of the talent of Cabanel, the proof and guarantee that he was once a great painter. There are faces among the figures surrounding the holy king that only a man of genius could have invented. To nearly the same period as the Luxembourg "Saint Louis" belongs the "Death of Moses," another early work, in the Corcoran Gallery; too great an addiction to the study of old frescoes in Italy has given a flatness to the style of the "Moses;" yet it ably solves the problem of arranging a subject of ideal nobility in a loftily decorative way for the filling of grand wall-spaces. The "Nymph carried off by a Faun," with flesh-painting a little too suggestive of some delicacy made by a confectioner, is perhaps M. Cabanel's highest effort in pure technic; it was seen at the Exposition of 1867. In other examples he has tried the added difficulties of illustrative arrangement and historical reconstruction. His "Francesca di Rimini" is at the Luxembourg, and its smaller color-study was seen at the Centennial; it leaves the spectator rather indifferent. In the "Florentine Poet" the artist essays the same period, the age of Dante; and out of this delicious improvisator theme he has made the most completely beautiful and satisfactory composition of his career. Those who are now decrying Cabanel for an undeniable effeminacy of style, should remember the "Florentine Poet" and the "Aglaiia" (of both which the smaller studies are owned in America—by Mr. Israel Corse), and do him honor for the matchless grace and robust poetic creativeness he has displayed at different points of his career. Cabanel, born at Montpellier and disciple of Picot, is only in the fifties, (having been born in 1823), and may yet show again the vigor and inventiveness which he more than once has displayed, and which only seem to have been deadened by the lethargic influence of imperial favor during the Empire. His class-room in the Beaux-Arts School is that chosen by all young painters who wish to take up ideal art; if a callow Frenchman feels the ambition to decorate churches, to paint the Hours on the ceilings of rich dining-rooms, to send allegories flying round the domes of civic halls, he seeks the studio of Cabanel for instruction; numbers of young Englishmen apply for admission; Americans hardly ever enter the atelier of Cabanel, some wilfulness of sympathy impelling them rather to the class-rooms of Gérôme, Bonnat, or Carolus Duran.

Another seeker of Beauty is Charles Chaplin, who must be honored at least with a mention, in any chapter devoted to ideal painting. This artist has

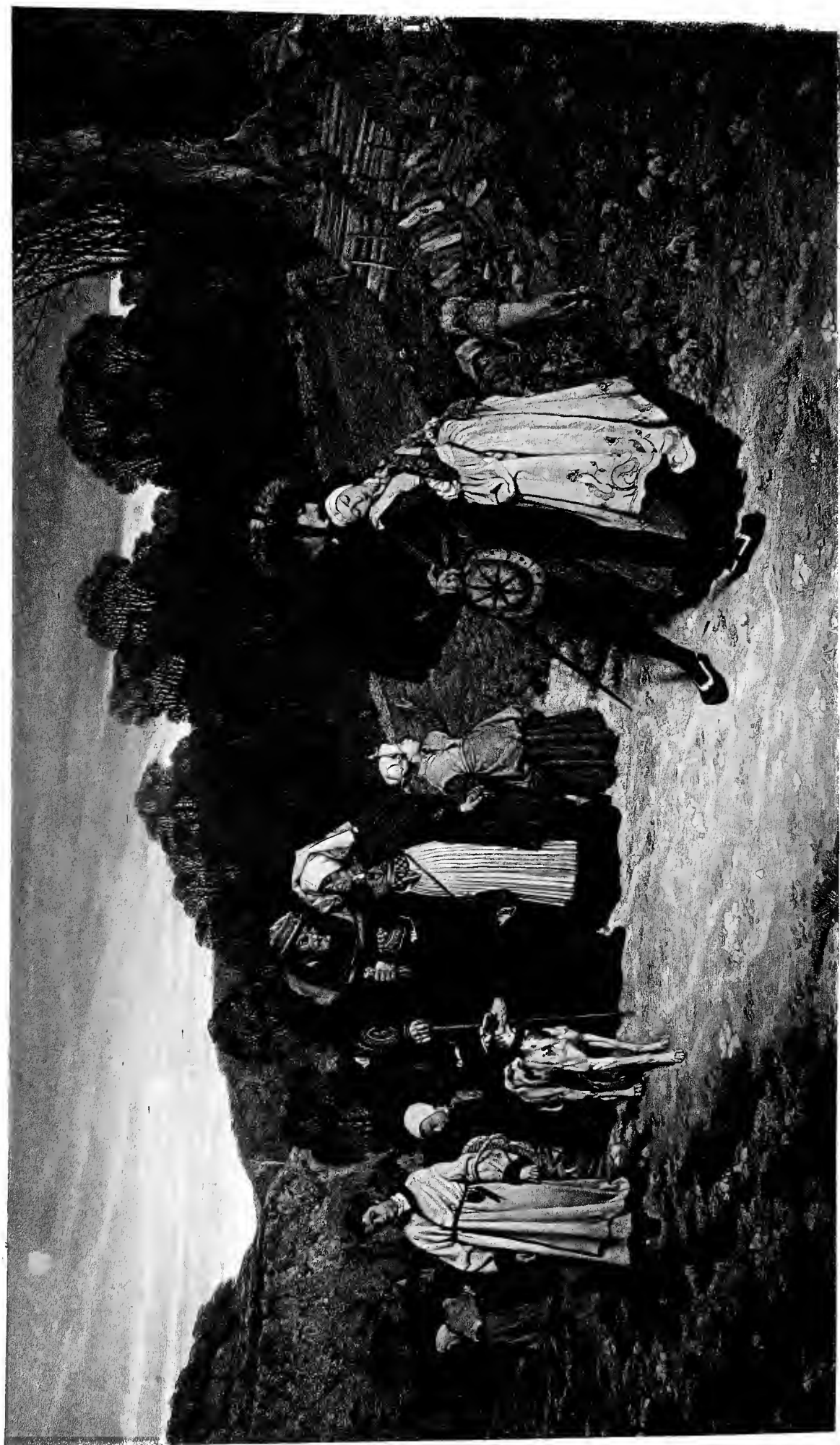
the singular function of continuing and producing the line of painting known as Louis Quinze, right down into this nineteenth century of ours, this age of science, of positivism on the one hand and of puritanism on the other. Surely a root must have a great deal of life in it that can send up an offshoot in so hostile an atmosphere; and Chaplin paints his eternally lovely Woman with all the devout air of believing in her thoroughly. She is not quite the Woman we meet in the streets; she seems to have flown away from the ceilings of Boucher and Fragonard; she seems to have come down those "three steps of rose-colored marble" at Versailles, sung by Musset, and to be eternally descending them, eternally associated with Versailles, eternally grazing the rosy stairs of some rendezvous of dreams, with a precipitancy and an involution worthy of the nightmares of Piranesi. Chaplin is above all things a decorative painter; his pictures, even when on canvas and in gilt frames, never seem to deserve a lower place than the ceiling. A spectator of Anglo-Saxon blood is apt to find the luscious woman of Chaplin rather chalky, rather suggestive of the puff-ball, and so completely unreliable in her womanhood that to live with her would be purgatory. But a son of the gallant nation can find excuses for her superficiality and a warm encouragement for her painter. "Let us be grateful to Chaplin," exclaims a modern boulevard loungeur, "for having treated the delicious theme with the gallantry of a red-heel of the Versailles court; for having even forced the note and emphasized the accent, as if to make us Frenchmen feel the inferiority in chivalry of the present age towards that sex which has given us our mothers!"



Love Triumphant. By L. Perrault.

TISSOT
AND
THE MEDIÆVALISTS





TO THE

OF THE

TO THE



JAMES TISSOT



The Exiles



Photogravure Goupil & Co



TISSOT AND THE "MEDIÆVALISTS."



IN the picture-list of the Luxembourg Gallery and about the middle of one of the long walls of that palace of French art devoted to such immortals as, Tithonus-like, are still in the flesh,—there hangs a picture, skillfully painted on wood, that attracts the attention of the most listless passer-by, be he even a contemned "Cook's tourist." It is not a landscape, nor an academic study repelling by its unclad flesh, nor even an allegory, impossible to unravel. The figures in the mimic scene are large enough to assert themselves, the costumes are picturesque, and the color is solid and strong. A young woman and a man not old,—they may be lovers,—they are, indeed, Faust and his Gretchen.

But somehow it seems to the tourist that he is before a new version of a familiar scene; these are not the two he saw last night at the Grand-Opéra, there is no cheerful blaze of light here, no beat of music in the air; this is not the plump and active tenor lover with his emblazoned sword-belt and his incredible lilac-colored hosen. This scene is very grave; there is trouble in the air, something serious in the situation, trivial as are the words which explain it. Marguerite is coming from church, Faust, black-bearded, earnest,—a true *Allemand noir* and in no wise a Latin,—cloaked, sworded, shod in the square shoon of the sixteenth century, tenders her his arm. "Fair lady, may I venture to offer you my arm and my escort?" His gesture is courteous and simple, the long hands, a little paler ever since that fatal night when they were placed for a sign and a token between the hands of the Tempter, are scholarly and delicate. She is German too, and

she is round of contour, so that she may be younger than she looks to be, but the tourist wonders vaguely that so much should be perilled for a face no fairer. Nevertheless he looks a little longer at the grave scene and goes his way feeling dimly that more has been said to him than he can quite comprehend. So in the painting reproduced by our plate, these silent pedestrians, this still and sombre landscape, this gray sky through which no sunshine breaks and which no wind shakes, symbolize to us rather some troubled epoch in the life of humanity than some local incident of history or of manners and customs. It is the time of the Middle Ages which has inspired the painter, or rather one of the characteristics of the Middle Ages, that vast period of Change, and Faith, and Superstition, of deep Travail and lusty Swording. The world had outlived that earlier and ruder period when, to quote a historian, the poor man counted himself fortunate if he kept his life from day to day, the woman her honor; but life was still full of great peril and greater doubts. The arm of the Church was everywhere, but so was the war—omnipresent even in peace; “la Très-Bienheureuse Vierge Marie” still interceded in Heaven, but Antichrist was surely coming—to be born in the south of France, in Africa, in Flanders, handsome and strong, with all his teeth at his birth. Was not the Fiend a tangible and ever-dreaded foe; did not the spaces of the earth swarm with “reasonable creatures, other than men, Incubi and Succubi, corporeal and spiritual at the same time like us, living in the middle of us, being born and dying like us, like us redeemed by the merits of Jesus Christ and capable of salvation or of damnation?” In the cities they were to be encountered not rarely, in the most frequented street, in the most swarming and most deafening market-place right in the middle of all, under the feet of the horses, under the wheels of the cars, a cave, a pit, a cell walled and railed up, at the bottom of which lay in prayer night and day a human being, voluntarily devoted to some eternal penance, to some grand expiation. But it was not all gloom; there was still youth and laughter in the world even in A. D. 1300, when Cimabue had died and Dante had gone down a second time into his Inferno. Over the recluses and among the spectres flashed fair faces and shining costumes, “bailiffs, aldermen, échevins, burgomasters, burgomasters’ wives, aldermen, bailiffs; all upright, grave, starched, holiday-suited in velvet and damask, cowed with bonnets of black velvet embroidered with great tufts of golden thread from Cyprus; figures severe and worthy, of the family of those whom Rembrandt lights up so strong and so grave on the dark back-ground of his *Ronde de nuit*; personages like those who carried, as if written on their foreheads, the boast that Maximilian of Austria had had good reason ‘*de se confier à plain*,’ as said his manifesto, ‘*en leur sens, vaillance, expérience, loyaultez et bonnes preudomies.*’” But in this serious and picturesque and varied world it is the gravity that appeals to this painter and, perhaps unconsciously, tempers his colors. Indeed, of the handful of modern French artists who find their inspiration in the so-called “Dark Ages” it is almost possible to epitomize in one word the characteristic of the epoch that appeals to each,—to Tissot the seriousness, to Roybet the color, to Garnier the cruelty

or the coarseness, to Leloir the fête-days, to Guès the Romance, to Villa the Fable, and to Florent Willems—the white satin! The Faust in the Luxembourg palace is signed J. Tissot, and was removed thither from the Salon of 1861,—a great honor to the young artist, as he did not receive his first medal till five years afterward. And although we may now find him so English in his melancholy,—as indeed he is at this time by residence,—and so Flemish in his painting, he is truly a Frenchman, born at Nantes and a pupil of Hippolyte Flandrin and of L. Lamothe. It has been claimed that he drew his inspiration from Baron Henri Leys, the wonderful antiquarian, whose four compositions in fresco in the great hall of the Antwerp Hotel de Ville seem actually a vision of the magistral splendors of Memling and Van Eyck, and make us return in thought to the Reformation times, as we see, in this grave municipal building, the "Burgomaster Lancelot Van Ursel haranguing the city guard," or the "Archduke Charles taking the oath before the Municipality of Antwerp,"—subjects so identified with epochs in the history of the Protestant cause in the sixteenth century. Inspired by the scholarly productions of Baron Leys, inspired also by the naive effects in the early missal-paintings, Tissot has acquired the gift of forgetting the nineteenth century in a reverie of the past. The scene of "The Exiles," as indicated by the plate, takes us back to those dark times when thought was not free, but when the Pope, in his crowned vassal the king, undertook to regulate the conscience and the opinion of the subject. We seem to see the spirit of Goldsmith's poem of the "Deserted Village," translated into Anglo-Saxon. Not only the quaint rich garments, but the type of the faces, belongs to a primitive era. We are carried in thought to the times when whole country-sides were depopulated, and the roads filled with expatriated subjects, leaving the scenes that never will meet their fond eyes again. The bigotry of Louis XIV, and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, are anticipated in the picture, where the victims of a stern tyranny take from the fields they have tilled only the treasure they can carry in their hands. Tissot, the painter of this impressive scene, after constituting himself undisputedly the best "mediævalist" in France, left his native country at the epoch of the Franco-Prussian war, to establish himself in London. His reception in the British capital was enthusiastic, and he has captured the suffrages of his English hosts by a series of remarkable etchings, as true to the actualities around him, as his earliest studies in that other expatriation of his—the Past.

It is a very different light that falls on the paintings of M. Willems, whom we may admit into French Art as a naturalized inhabitant—whom Paris claims as of her own although he was born at Liege, in 1824. To an English authority "Willems' flesh is opaque; but in all that pertains to a toilette his pictures are perfect." Without making any disrespectful inquiries concerning the insular taste in "toilettes," let us see what his adopted countrymen think of him. "He has made himself," says a Parisian writer, "after the fashion of Terburg, of Metzu, of Pieter de Hooge, a place apart in the vast domain of art. The past attracts him as much as the present leaves him indifferent. This admirer of

epochs of beauty, this lover of furniture, this restorer of rich stuffs, of tapestries with solemn folds, of costumes harmonious in their outlines and in the ingenious assemblage of colors which form them, finds our own time morose, our furnishings inharmonious, the dressing of our women eccentric or even ungraceful considering the scene in which they figure. But what eloquent pages he would have been able to indite with the Parisienne, that composite creature, charmer and demon, sphynx and beauty!" Perhaps after all Florent Willems has missed his real kingdom, that which he might have created in the true spirit of to-day, in honest human nature. But we know well that if this were so he could not have given us so many exquisite chapters stolen from the history of yesterday, and which have so perfect a flavor. The painter excels



Monks on a Day of Festival. By J. Garnier.

in these restorations so gallantly arrayed and in which his fancy perhaps disarranges a little the strict apparel of Truth,—but it is a small matter, after all, if these gallants who bow themselves before these fair ladies sin by an excess of archaism, if these enchantresses are not located with perfect exactness in the epoch in which they breathe and live and love. The Imagination which brings them forth with the airs of goddesses descended from Olympus is to be painted at his will, like one of those decorations in which Watteau amused himself by filling the air with Laughters and Cupids and Loves, Truants escaping towards the Ideal. Watteau, the great petit maître of the 18th century, painted the Embarkation for Cythera, while Fragonard gave to the world his gallant and delicate graces with a brush at once provocative and authoritative.



Mousquetaire. Sketch by Louis Leloir.

It would seem indeed that some of the piquant heroines of Florent Willems have descended from the flowery bark in which Watteau set sail with the whole of his epoch; that others have drunk at that *Fontaine d' amour* towards which press, athirst, the passionate beings dreamed of by Fragonard. Florent Willems is a veritable artist, whom sincerity and skill have pushed to the first rank. He has conquered for himself a domain in the past, whilst his compatriot Alfred Stevens walks in the light of his own epoch. The two painters complement each other, and complete one of the faces of art. At the Universal Exhibition at Paris in 1867 Willems had thirteen pictures, which was the most brilliant display the world had then seen of his works, and at the Exposition of 1878 he had ten, hung on the line in one long fantastic row. In no less than two or three of these, we remember, hung unfortunately side by side, the *pièce de résistance* was a particular and very conspicuous black velvet female cloak of the time of Henri III, lined with crimson, bordered with gold lace a foot deep and garnished with a noble upright collar. In one picture the fair wearer sat at a table, in another she stood upright to regard you, in a third she was otherwise engaged, but before them all it was impossible to repel a faint suggestion that the garment dominated the situation.

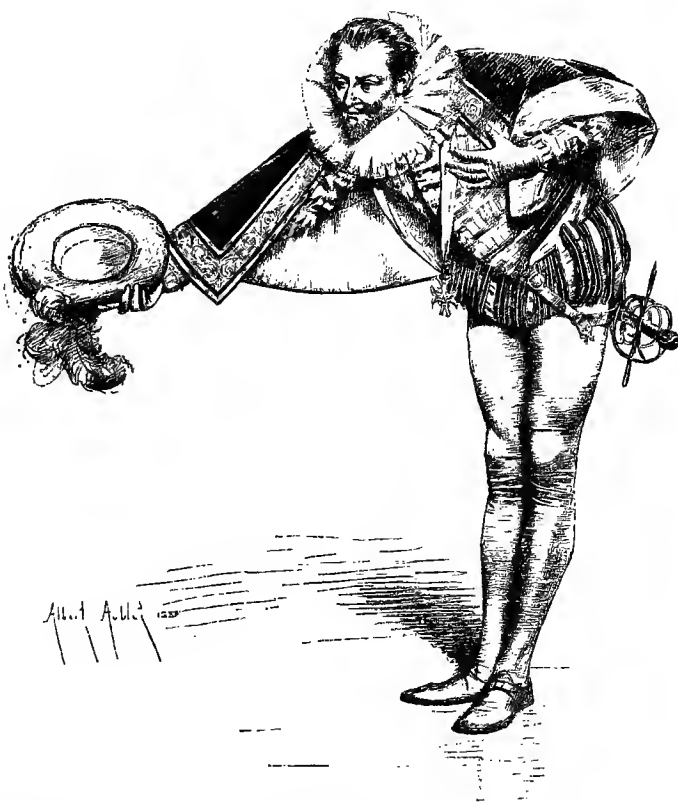
Lamentably different from this pomp of the eye is the work of Jules Garnier, and very different, unhappily, has been the life of the artist. Born at Suresnes, bed-ridden almost constantly in his childhood from the cruellest of maladies, a curvature of the spine, he sought refuge from his ills, as so many have done before him, in long hours of reverie, like those Balzac depicts in his romance of "Louis Lambert." In these days of introspection, in later ones when, grown stronger, he ventured into the Beaux-Arts Schools of Toulouse and of Paris, only to be thrown by the turbulent spectacle of student life more and more upon himself and his own broodings, was formed perhaps the spirit which portrays these doubletéd gallants of the cabaret, these libertines, these demoiselles evil-smiling, this "Supplice des Adultères" of the Salon of 1876, this "Droit du Seigneur," where the morbid imagination of the invalid, armed with the privilege of the sick-bed, explores the carnal mysteries rejected by a more robust health. A keen and creative imagination, an acquired skill in painting far from mediocre, have conferred on the works of Jules Garnier a tenacious hold on the memory. He seems to take us into the forbidden witches' sabbaths of mediæval story. His mind is filled with the fancies of one whose disfigurement banishes him from society. The morbid audacity of a Heine or a Byron, the needless study of ancient laws shown by Beaumont and Fletcher in "The Custom of the Country," occupy this genius otherwise so well equipped to charm and improve the world. His "Fête-day," though conceived in the vein of Rabelais, is externally cleanly and genial.

Louis Leloir paints the festivals of the past with a perfectly healthy and frank enjoyment of their picturesqueness. The only possible objection might be that he dresses his antique scenes in a decorative rather than a historical spirit. We seem to behold a snapper-up of trifles in Wardour Street, a hunter of curiosity shops, rather than a man who like Leys or Tissot always pierces



The Prize of the Tournament. Sketch by A. Guès,

through the dress of an epoch to its soul. Louis Leloir inherits his extreme skill in the art of painting as an "entail." He is son and grand-son of artists. His father, J. B. A. Leloir, has a "Homer" at the Luxembourg Gallery, and has decorated with frescoes half-a-dozen of the churches around Paris. His mother, as Heloise Colin, was a miniature painter of distinction, daughter of A. Colin, a routine painter of merit. Young Louis Leloir, thus dedicated to the muse of painting from the cradle, commenced with some excellent school-boy drawings at Sainte-Barbe, and in 1860 entered the Beaux-Arts school of



The last Reception of the Duke of Guise, at the Court of Henri III, before his Assassination.

Sketch from his Picture, by A. Aublet.

Paris. In a competition for the Prix-de-Rome, or scholarship enabling the recipient to study in Italy at government charge, he obtained the second prize, just missing his object. At this time his age was eighteen years, his birth being in 1843, March 14th. At twenty, he exhibited a "Massacre of the Innocents," bought by the State for a provincial Museum. Bible subjects continued to attract him for a few years—Daniel and the Lions, Jacob Wrestling, and the like. But after a trip to Italy he changed his style, and gave out in gorgeously-costumed figures like our "Mousquetaire" the impressions of opulence and splendor he had just derived from Veronese and Giorgione.



JUDGING from his work, and the high estimation he receives, none of the artists we have mentioned have flung themselves into the past with such obvious enjoyment and sense of its geniality as Ferdinand Roybet. He was born at Uzès, in the Gard Department, in the year 1840. On coming to Paris he associated himself with two enthusiastic "naturalists" in art, Ribot and Vollon. This companionship has given to his art a spice, a savor, a vigor, almost as if Franz Hals had come upon earth again. Let us turn to a painting of Roybet's, his first, exhibited at the Salon of 1866, where it won a medal and was bought by a princess: and let us listen to Théophile Gautier, who was astonished at its merit. "'The Jester of Henri III,' by M. Roybet, is certainly one of the very best of the Salon. The head covered with the fool's cap and bells, the face framed in a thin line of beard, covered with a brilliant costume, and the hand on the thigh, the jester holds in leash a couple of superb mastiffs, whose tawny skins are striped with black and whose great countenances express at once ferocity and benignity. He seems to call to him another hound not visible in the picture and which has separated itself from the pack. His expression, strongly rendered, is that of those buffoons of the court, with more wickedness even than folly, and who, under the pretext of laughter would not fail to bite; at need, Triboulet will change his fool's bauble into a poignard and become Saltabadil. The red of this costume is of a tone truly magnificent, solid and strong, with reflexes of purple and transparencies

of ruby-color, and to this the background, a forest of dull greens, gives all its proper 'value.' These reds which our modern school seems to fear, are no longer to be found save in the pictures of Bonifazio, of Miro, and of Giorgione. In the midst of the universal tone of grayness which prevails, this splendid note of red flares out like the fanfaronnade of a trumpet." Roybet has gone on painting the characters of Henri III, Henri IV, and Louis XIII; usually male personages, in doublets and bucket boots and broad felt hats, and lusty throats set in a halo of gossamer lace. These gay companions he shows with such rollicking sympathy, with such solidity and reality of representation, that truly Franz Hals and Jan Steen might own them for their offspring. It is a peculiarity of Roybet's not to exhibit at the Salons. He is therefore deprived of whatever fame he might owe to the accomplished reviewers who criticize those exhibitions in the public periodicals. On the other hand there are collectors who are gourmands of Roybet, and amass his works in quantity; there are galleries in France where half-a-dozen of the canvases of this painter are seen together, jealously guarded by owners still hungry for more. A painter who is a finer exponent of energy in art, who understands and presents better the age of doughty deeds and gallant feats, could indeed hardly be found without going all the way back from Roybet to Rembrandt and his glorious predecessor Hals.

Alfred Guès, born at Montargis in the Department of the Loiret, came up to Paris in early youth, and entered the governmental Beaux-Arts School. His "Boccaccio Narrating one of his Tales" was favorably remarked in the annual Salon of 1869. In 1877 his "Smoker of the Reign of Louis XIII," and in 1879 a "Young Prince and his Jester conducting a Cock-fight," showed a lively sense of the externals and quaintnesses of antique life. In all these pictures, and in a host of others which have left his studio, young Guès shows the temperament so natural to a youthful student, to leave his prosaic century behind him, and pasture at the top of his bent in the romantic and succulent epochs of the Renaissance. There is a time of boyhood when we should all like to be troubadours; and troubadour-art has seldom evoked a fairer image than this painter's "Queen of the Tournament," who holds the prize-sword as the reward of the worthiest.

The painter of the "Cigale," or improvident musician (from La Fontaine's fable of the Grasshopper and Ant), is Emile Villa, born at Montpellier in 1836, who, after following the drawing-classes in his native lyceum, came to Paris and entered the atelier of the admirable Swiss painter Gleyre. His first paintings illustrated, in gracefulest mediæval dress, the fables of Florian and La Fontaine, as seen *e. g.* in our sketch; the "Fox and Crow," the "Rat and Oyster," the "Milk-girl and her broken Jar" of the latter, or Florian's "Teal and Hare," where the water-bird builds an ark and has the hare for passenger, were illustrated by him with quaint freshness and originality. Our "Cigale" was a picture of 1877, in which year he also exhibited "The Butterflies." In 1879 the "Young Girl weaving a Wreath," and in 1881 "The Organ Lesson"—the latter a richly-dressed female couple in mediæval guise—emancipated Villa from



The Nuremburg Turnip. Sketch by F. Roybet.

his illustrative functions and justified him in his new claims as an original and creative composer, though usually in themes derived from the fascinating Middle Ages.

A young painter who is fond of plunging into the reveries of the past is Albert Aublet, whose sketch for the "Duke of Guise, May 9th, 1588," is seen on page 56. He was born in Paris, and received his initiation in painting through the Beaux-Arts school and the instructions of C. Jacquand. The Clouets of the Louvre would seem to have inspired him with his accurate feeling for costume, and with the clairvoyance which knows how to define an epoch by means of an attitude and an expression. In the formal bow of the Duke of Guise before the royal brother who has resolved on his death, we see the stamp of the old ceremonious epoch, covering as with a stately livery the real sentiment of the figure, its sense of doom and irreconcilable antipathy. In front of the Duke, among the time-serving and only precariously-lucky flatterers of the palace, the painting shows the gloomy treachery of Henri III, meditating murder, and at the foot of the throne the evil genius of his court, the dark dowager Catherine de Médicis, in the weeds of widowhood which she never quitted. The picture is a disquieting one, none of the brilliant courtiers appear sure of their heads; the Medusa eye of Catherine seems roving among the bedizened noblemen to see whom it shall strike; and the assassination of Guise, which is to follow a few hours after this reception, will be quickly enough succeeded by that of the treacherous monarch himself.

Pictorially considered, this painting of Guise and Henri III is certainly a reconstruction of by-gone costumes and customs, an arrangement of antique bric-à-brac; it is antiquarianism in art; intellectually, it is of course a "historical picture," an attempt in the style of Delaroche; we had better, in the present book, which makes some attempt to adhere to the artist's habit of analysis rather than to the public's, continue to regard such a picture according to its sources of construction. To build up such a composition, the world hardly thinks what fardels a young *débutant*, athirst for fame, must lay on himself; how he must explore the Museum of Artillery for the pattern of a sword-hilt, the Louvre for portraits and hints of historic dress, the costume-shops for real clothes made as nearly as possible in correct style, portfolios of old prints for palace architecture. One of our plates, "Gérôme visiting a Pupil's Studio," from Eschosa's painting, will give to the non-professional reader a notion of the way in which a painter of old-time subjects approaches his task. The artist is here represented painting from a female model in the dress of Marie de Médicis. Under her feet is spread a tapestry suggesting the rich gifts with which Henri IV wooed his intended bride—the handsome stuffs, Arras tapestries, Cellini vases, which the royal lover lavished by the hands of his ambassador in return for her miniature. A corner or end of the studio, surrounding the figure, is completely fitted up with provisional furniture forming a harmony with the model in the contemplated scene. Here is a bed entirely canopied with antique embroideries; coats-of-arms, ancient Gobelins, and quaint old picture-frames, garnish the walls; a buffet is set out with the vases, statuettes and toys available for the intended incident.

The artist has metamorphosed his home, to construct in it a real stage, with practicable properties, for his drama. It is this collection, along with his figures, which supremely engages his attention; how will the light play on his assemblage of necessary objects, what kind of a harmony will be made by their colors and forms? Are they all authentic, stamped with the *cachet* of the period, and are they great curiosities and novelties to the jaded bric-à-brac hunter? These are among the considerations which affect him. His comrades of the studio, criticising the progressing picture, point out with pride how antique and unimaginable and unheard-of is the assemblage of rarities, how the old-fashioned colors of the dresses are made of dyes which modern weavers cannot get, how the forms fit each other, and how the light sweeps the whole combined harmony as a master's hand sweeps a lute. This is quite a different thing from the criticism of the outside public, which dwells on the expression of the faces, or doubts whether such and such personages were at the relative age represented by the painter. To the intellectual critic, historic *vraisemblance* is the touchstone; to the technical expert, the impingement of light on a beautiful arrangement of bric-à-brac objects. From the point of view of the profession, all the mediæval class of art considered in this chapter is a skillful study of old clo'. The quaintest pieces of work done by Tissot and Leys are fine, to the artist, because the antique objects in them are rare, and the countenances and postures deliciously aped from the paintings of Holbein and the prints of the Little Masters. The intellectual or literary critic admires our plate of "The Exiles," because of the young wife's beauty, her husband's stalwart comeliness, the pitiful old age of the more distant sufferers. The cognoscento finds some shoe, some cap, some drag of the leg, some attenuation of a Flemish nose, that tickle him immensely because they are made to live again in modern work, after having been dead and buried in a portfolio of Schongauer's engravings. Incredible pains are taken in the European centres of art with this dilettante erudition, this pedantic mediævalism; it is not recognized in all cases as the true spirit of art, but the general education of society has become so nice that even the advocate of "art for art's sake" dares not neglect it, and Bastien-Lepage scarcely strives harder to get the right expression for his Joan of Arc than to find for her a true antique spinning-wheel and dress. Painters advise with each other about these laborious trifles, ask each other's aid, and either communicate their curiosity-shop discoveries or guard what they have found in a spirit of jealousy. A recent artist-letter from London told of a British painter paying five pounds to a cordwainer for making a pair of sow-skin cavalry boots, like the Cromwellian boot preserved in the Tower. In addition to this assiduity, the visits of the older painters to their juniors are made, at least in Paris, with great benevolence, and are highly prized for the rich suggestions sure to ensue. Gérôme is celebrated among his pupils for his urbanity and good nature in paying these calls, and none of his students is too humble to receive his invaluable visits. This condescension generally takes an upward flight—the youths' studios are usually in the lofts of terribly high buildings; Gérôme will toil up one of these ascents with hearty will, to

criticise the last "Venus" or "Cæsar" or "Cleopatra," the latest scrape on the worn fiddle-string. I remember the delighted surprise of Diehl, an American artist who had painted a "Hamlet" in the Munich style, and ventured to ask our professor to visit and criticise the work. Gérôme sprang up seven very high flights of stairs without complaint, to a small garret in the rue Bonaparte, and genially gratified the tyro with his pregnant advice. The plate of "Gérôme visiting a Pupil's Studio" is introduced both for its merit and for its fitness. The incident represented, a portrayal of antique manners on the part



La Cigale. By E. Villa.

of the artist who is seen working, bears a certain appropriateness to the present chapter consecrated to Art as a furbisher-up of old bric-à-brac; on the other hand, if it belongs thus to this chapter, it belongs also to the first. Gérôme is represented visiting the studio of his pupil Escosura, who if not a French painter is certainly a Paris painter. None is more Parisian than he, none scents a curiosity, a strange dress, a quaint bibelot, with a keener instinct: in all that pertains to the expert's knowledge, Escosura is a Parisian of the Parisians. When he was in this country, during the Centennial season, he was



The Challenge. Sketch by F. Roybet.

half an artist, half an auction-prowler. The avarice of the collector carried it off over the artistic vision, and when he should have been sketching American types he haunted American auctions, a painting of one of which he executed on returning to France. His verdict on our curiosity-shops—a side-criticism on American æsthetics—was that here common curiosities were very dear, and rare curiosities very cheap. He snatched from us, and took back to Paris, his Solingen blade with an almanac engraved upon it, his halbert with two pistols on the points, capable of being exploded by strings—and he has fallen again into his painting of mediæval subjects, utterly untouched by the American accent. Escosura, being in the way of his art no Spanish painter, no workman in the line of Fortuny and Villegas and Zamacois, but a naturalized disciple of the French school, may have his picture and the immortalization of his studio very suitably introduced into a work of the present title. He is seen at the left of the composition, diligently painting at his easel from his Marie de Médicis model; like the dress of that fair-haired, plump creature, every object visible in the rich interior is Henri-Quatre to the last detail. As for the group of his friends assembled in the scene, they are the very artists who have been considered in these chapters. Chaplin, half English by parentage, shows his blonde head over the painter's shoulder, as he feeds Escosura's pet parrot with a familiarity that shows him a frequent guest. Corot, to be mentioned in our landscape chapter, stoops to inspect the painting. Jules Worms and Vibert, criticised in our chapter on the "Realists," are seen together, with a cup of tea between them for a bond of union. Gérôme, naturally grave and a little schoolmaster-like, but entirely kind and benevolent, inspects an engraving,—(probably a Rubens, to complete the harmony with Marie de Médicis); the head glimpsed in this engraving, at any rate by some one of the old Titans of portraiture, is doubtless reading its lesson to Gérôme, and inciting him to broaden his own style. Meissonier is represented leaning on Gérôme's shoulder; their friendship is likewise commemorated in Gérôme's "Reception of the Siamese at Fontainebleau," where they are introduced side by side. Meissonier too contemplates the portrait by the old master which his friend holds in his hand; it may have a lesson for him too, and alarm him at its contrast with the tendency of modern easel-painting towards pettiness and want of breadth. As they stand, the room full of visitors forms a little Walhalla for the immortals of this book.



BRION, DORÉ
AND
THE ALSATIANS





G. DORÉ, PINXT

J. SADDLER, SCULPT



P. GUSTAVE DORÉ



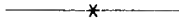
London Waifs



Engraved by Saddler



BRION, DORÉ AND THE ALSATIANS.



LIKE the magnetic mountain which drew out the crusaders' swords from their scabbards, Paris has absorbed the best genius of what was until 1871 one of the most romantic of the French provinces. The art of Alsace being entirely French, it is idle to apply any other definition of nationality to it, though Doré, Brion, Henner, Steinheil and Bartholdi have all of them a strong admixture of German qualities in their intellectual nature; if they had lived at their homes, they would each and all be Germans to-day. But the German element in them was controlled in every case by the authority of French intellect, and while we hear of Paris schools and styles we never hear of the Strasburg style.

Gustave Brion, belonging to that sturdy Lorrain race which has contributed the great name of Claude to the annals of art, and innumerable others to the more stirring deeds of history, lived in Strasburg with his family from his seventh year, and is therefore enthusiastically claimed by Alsace as one of her most cherished sons; he was born, however, at Rothau in the Vosges, his birth taking place in 1824. Removing to Strasburg in 1831, his family sent the lad of sixteen to a local painter, one

Gabriel Guérin, in 1840, and during his years of study in that studio, the young man learned also the rudiments of architecture and modeling from the sculptor Friedrich. His childhood had been passed in poverty, almost in misery. To speak of the deprivations he had to submit to, the false hopes he had to unmask, the bitter cups he had to empty, would be too painful here. In a word, indigence was his nurse, and under her rod he learned to suffer whatever human nature can suffer without debilitating it; in his case, the proof rendered the metal more valid.

In 1847, the young painter of twenty-three made his first public appearance with a "Farmhouse scene at Dambach;" he sent it to the Paris Salon. In 1853, with the "Schlitteteurs de la Fôret-Noire," at the same place, he obtained the unusual honor of a second-class medal; this picture was purchased for the Strasburg museum, and burned during the Franco-Prussian war.



HENNER.

Before resuming the details of a career so long and diligent, it is proper to magnify the man and the present chapter by putting in a claim for the high technical dignity of Brion as an artist. The æsthetes, American and French, who are now raving over the peasant-painter Jean-François Millet, prove their critical insufficiency, if not their critical insincerity, by a strange, accusing ignorance of Brion. It is as if two Burns's had existed in adjacent shires, and those who died away in ecstasies over the one were stone-deaf to the other. But Brion, in fact, is a Millet translated into Alsatian dialect. He is the one who has rendered the Alsatian peasant in his blunt dignity, his profound simplicity, his burly puissance. He has done this in a style of painting robust, blocky, granitic if you will, a style every way fit to be set beside the

living terra-cotta style of painting practised by Millet. Both artists have made a hero of the farmer, and invented an art-language original enough, personal enough, primitive enough, rude enough, grand enough, to speak in of such a subject. Whoever affects to love Millet should love Brion. He has taken the peasant of the province overshadowed by the edge of the Black Forest. He has comprehended, admired, translated him. He has written his life, from the cradle to the grave, with that contemplative sympathy which English poetry affords us in "Gray's Elegy." Like another Gray, writing with another pencil, Brion has sublimed the Black Forest peasant, and has rendered him monumental.

A sort of uncivilized, savage brutality, clinging to the brush of Gustave Brion through all its cultivation, has made his style of painting indelible, and in some sense preterhuman. His genius was thoroughly impregnated with that glorious earth-savor which belongs to the woods. This quality, the last

surviving gift of the antique Pan, gives to every theme he treats something of the rustic majesty of a Virgilian eclogue or a primitive Sicilian pastoral. The most ordinary themes often acquire by his treatment a grandiose effect. In this faculty Millet and Brion were supreme. They ennobled what they touched. There is no greater piece of good luck in literary annals than the good luck of Victor Hugo in having his "Notre Dame" and "Les Misérables" embellished from Brion's drawings,—the noblest of modern illustrations, altogether comparable with and equal to the drawings of Millet, and having the desirable effect of straining out whatever is sensational from Hugo's style, and making it seem wholly noble.

Brion loves and magnifies his native land. He paints the "Timber-Raft on the Rhine," and the picture is like an essay on Germany by Tacitus. These rafts, bearing to the shipyards of Holland, through the German mountains, the forests of Switzerland, are veritable floating cities. The woodmen lodge in huts on the surface, where they do their primitive cooking. Brion shows us the sinewy lumber-cutters standing on the raft, plunging their long poles into the bottom of the Rhine, or struggling with the current by the power of mighty oars. All the strange existence of this floating fluvial population, recalling the narrow civic life of the river-peoples of China upon their junks, is lived upon the raft, which for them is a native country. Brion exhales over his floating scene a strange vertigo, a sense of resistless dioramic movement, and a kind of damp, chilly unhappiness. The artist has set to his penetrating music the secret of a life which we could not otherwise comprehend. Again, he takes the glory of the goddess of Alsace, the special patroness of the province, Saint Odilia. He shows the pilgrimages of the saint's day, in long trains of votaries winding up the "blue Alsatian mountains" to where, like an eagle's eyrie, the hill-chapel of the mystical saint hangs in the sky: their pious mission achieved, he shows them, like the King of France's men, coming down again. Once more, he exhibits the whole ceremony of courtship, marriage, and bringing home the bride in Alsace, with a score of odd symbolical and legendary customs, derived from primitive German days when a bride had to be fought for, or bought, or carried over stormed barriers. A Protestant marriage is a rarity to the Paris public, and the visitors to the Paris Salons were never tired of wondering how Brion's brides could be successfully wedded, not in a church, but over a card-table in a country parlor. Again, in a more ambitious vein, Brion essayed Bible subjects, the "End of the Deluge" (purchased by the government for the Luxembourg Gallery), the "Sixth Day of Creation," or "Peter walking on the Water." The treatment of these themes showed something of the landscape predilection, something of the determined rusticity, of Millet's "Ruth and Boaz" or "Tobit." Finally, like Millet, Brion had to consecrate and sanctify a painful and faithful life-work with the only seal capable of adding to it another value—he had to die. Alsace is no longer a *patrie*, and Brion, her laureate, is dead.

Jean-Jacques Henner, perhaps the most profoundly artistic of the Alsatian

painters, signed his noble figure of "Alsace" with his name and the legend, "an Alsatian of Bernwiller"; then he presented the picture of his outraged country to Gambetta. A pair of humble farmers of Bernwiller had, in effect, given birth to one of the most powerful magicians of the age. Our artist was born in 1839. When eleven years old, at the academy of Altkirch, he began the course of design taught by Charles Goutzwiller, a cultivated draughtsman who had distinguished himself by preparing an excellent catalogue of the Museum of Colmar. Goutzwiller has since quitted Alsace and found honorable occupation as a designer, in Paris, and he loves to narrate the indications of early genius given by his pupil, and the profound but cheerful sacrifices made by the parents of Henner to send their gifted son to Paris.



Étude. By Henner.

This removal was preceded, however, by a sojourn in Strasbourg, where he entered the atelier then in vogue, that of the same Gabriel Guérin who had previously been the instructor of Brion. This Gabriel was the nephew of that Jean Guérin who in his day was one of the finest miniature-painters of the French school. It was under this excellent man that the modern Giorgione began to draw and paint a little after the model. But soon, exhausting the powers of Guérin as he had those of Goutzwiller, young Henner, by the counsel of his little world of the Upper Rhine, came to Paris, and immediately adopted Drolling as his third master. Drolling died in 1851, and Henner passed

to Picot, as his fourth professor. While under the tutelage of Picot, the young Alsatian attempted the realization of the Paris art-student's dream, the attainment of the Prize of Rome. They tell a series of details about Henner's competition for this prize, not uninteresting to read in a country which does not pension its art-pupils for a residence in Italy.

From 1851 to 1854 inclusive, the young Henner had gained four successive medals for pre-eminence in drawing the figure; afterwards, in 1858, in his twenty-eighth year, he shut himself up in one of the *loges*, or stalls, where the contestants work from a given subject, under lock and key. The dictated theme was the death of Abel. The Member of the Institute who, that particular year, was to oversee the competition in the customary way, and apply the Institute seal to the studies, was no less a personage than the famous



Alsace on Guard. Sketch by Weiss.

Horace Vernet. On the day fixed for rendering in the essays, the great battle-painter paused long before the composition of Henner and appeared much impressed. Next day another scholar visited Vernet for advice and explanations, and to this pupil the great man, after scolding his visitor well for personal negligence and inattention, said angrily that all the competing sketches were bad, except one—the work of a Picot-school boy, whose name he knew not, but at any rate the young man in the fifth stall. The youth came back and told the story to his discouraged and contrite fellow-workmen. Naturally elated, Henner went to work at the more finished picture which had yet to be made from the sealed sketch. The competition ceased, and the paintings, covered with curtains, were carried into a room to dry. Preliminary rumors of the award of the Prize of Rome began, as usual, to circulate in a furtive



*Sketch from "The Alsatian Wedding."
By G. Brion.*

manner among the competitors; but none thought of designating the quiet, tow-headed Alsatian, who allowed this neglect to press upon his spirits. Giving up the prize as lost, Henner went to Vernet to ask a favor. In fact, he was in debt, the small pension heretofore paid him by the Department of the Upper Rhine having been stopped on account of his mature age, and his credit being exhausted. He asked Vernet to endorse his application for a renewal of the pension, to be submitted to a new vote of the council-general of his native section. Vernet, to his amazement, refused the endorsement. Henner turned pale, and said to himself, "I am a pauper."

"What are you going to do with a pension," resumed Vernet, slowly, "since you are the Prize of Rome?"

Browning tells us that there are two divisions or epochs in the adventure of a diver—one, when, a beggar, he goes down to dive; one when, a prince, he rises with the pearl. Henner felt like such a diver.

The pictures which have won the Prizes of Rome are preserved in a particular chamber of the Beaux-Arts School. They are incredibly commonplace, in general. One of them is of startling beauty, and the authorities have thought so, for it is hung in a place of honor: it is Henner's "Death of Abel."

"Follow my counsel," said Vernet; "never be false to the peculiar temperament denoted by your picture, and you will rise high—it is I who say so."

Obedient to this advice, Henner has remained in a restricted line, which he has strung with orient pearls of art. Schnetz, then director at the French art-college in Rome, was scandalized at the young man's first admiration in the eternal city, a painting by Caravaggio. Neither Drolling, nor Picot, nor

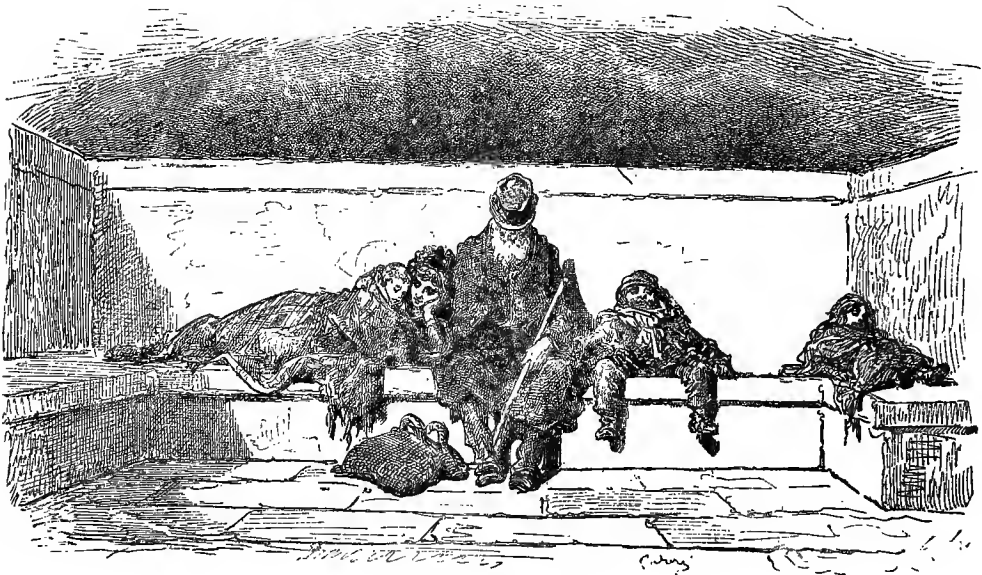
Schnetz, had ever heard of anyone admiring a Caravaggio; the taste was unclassical in the extreme. Admire Raphael, admire Angelo, admire David, but never admire the *naturalisti*, the Caravaggios, the Spagnolettos! But Henner went on appreciating the painters of strong chiaroscuro, and every picture he has produced is an appreciation of Caravaggio still! He has become celebrated for a most brilliant and effective treatment of figures in a forced light, as of the entrance to a cave, and based upon the wonderful school of Caravaggio and the Spaniard. Henner's residence in Italy resulted in giving him, at Venice, a new idea of color, which he succeeded in connecting with his former notion of light and shade without any detriment. "Really it was at Venice alone," he wrote, "that I was struck with all the resources of this school of color." He returned to Paris in 1864, and began that production of masterpieces which has astonished the world. His "Chaste Susanna" was shown at the Salon of 1865, and was immediately bought for the Luxembourg Gallery, where it remains. The "Magdalen" of the Museum of Toulouse (of which Miss Hitchcock, of New York, has the artist's replica); the "Good Samaritan;" the "Idyl," where nymphs sit at their music in the grass like the concert-parties of Giorgione; the "Naiad,"—such are some of his wonderful works. "The Fountain" is owned by Mr. Runkle, in New York, and "La Source" was also imported hither in 1881, and the Occident is therefore well aware of the glory of this new star, of virgin light, that has arisen from the Rhine-waves. The reunion of many of M. Henner's works at the Universal Exposition of 1878 gave a lustre not only to the artist's name, but to French art itself.

Alsace and Lorraine, the two sister provinces, have contributed a succession of distinguished renowns to Art. It is impossible to consider these talents as otherwise than French, and it is bewildering to fancy Claude Lorrain a German painter, as he would be if he had happened to be born to-day. Among those modern artists who have distinguished their birth-place of Alsace, may be mentioned, besides Brion and Henner: Pabst, an excellent painter of Alsatian manners, like a Brion reduced to plain prose; Ulmann; Vetter; the two Steinheils—the elder a decorative artist, the younger a most careful painter of mediæval subjects, in the style of his instructor and uncle by marriage, Meissonier; Marchal, a fine artist in pastel, and a decorator of stained glass, at Metz, opposite Strasburg; Ehrmann, a designer of mythologies for ceilings and of Gobelins tapestries; Bartholdi, the sculptor of the "Lafayette" in New York, and of the colossal "Liberty" intended for the same sea-port; Heller, the amanuensis of About, and a decorative sculptor, who has lived for a time in America, where he designed the principal medal for the Centennial Exposition; and last, but by no means least, Gustave Doré.

Gustave Doré demands a volume rather than a paragraph. It is only the supposition that he is known beyond the need of commendation, which excuses us from dealing with him in a scale of expansiveness more commensurate with his merit.

Doré is injured in his reputation as a painter by his supremacy as a designer.

No one can look at his drawings in, for instance, Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques," without experiencing a sort of vertigo at the revelation of such prodigious talent—stiff mediæval costumes and manners made flexible with the most audacious, the most impudent, the most fertile modern complications of thought, and the very architecture of the Dark Ages caricatured, and made to dance in our contemporary extravagance of parody; the same touchstone of intelligent modern thought is present in the "Rabelais," to select the most outré situations—situations of whose extravagance the Dark Ages were all unconscious, and which it needed our own sense of comparison to choose. Then there are the Bible illustrations, amid whose theatrical opulence we can discover several new texts selected for treatment, and so discerningly selected that we are ready to scorn the Old Masters for never having found them out; and the "Quixotte," very nearly perfect, and the "Dante," grandiose if not quite Dantesque, and the "London," an invaluable comment of a talented foreigner, abounding with romantic situations never discovered by Londoners themselves—from which last, not to neglect entirely the "illustrative" side of this dazzling talent, we choose a scene of pathetic homelessness—the outcasts who make their bed by moonlight in one of the bays of the footwalk of London Bridge. "Homeless" too is the sentiment of our steel-plate from Doré, another study from the life of the London poor, explaining itself so clearly as to need no description. This, however, is not an "illustration," but is engraved from one of his efforts at oil-painting. The endeavors of the strong Alsatian artist to conquer the difficulties of the canvas, of the true studio conception of art, are achieved in a barn-like atelier in the rue Bayard. Born at Strasburg in 1832, he has lived in Paris since 1847.



Moonlight on London Bridge. By G. Doré.

LAMBERT
AND
THE “TOY PAINTERS”





LA FILLE DES FEES

A. J. MAZEROLLE, PINXIT

GRAVURE GOUTIL & C^{ie}



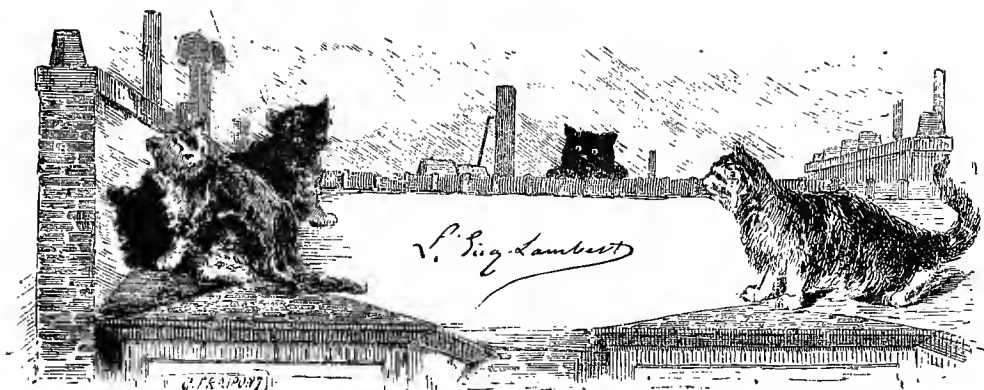
A. J. MAZEROLLE



The Fairies' Protegée



Photogravure Goupil & Co



LAMBERT AND THE "TOY PAINTERS."



ONLY the Romans, among the ancients, had imagination enough to make a goddess out of Trivia, the genius of street-crossings. John Gay has written a pretty poem on the subject. Indeed, there is food for fancy, and there is an individuality and a character, about the idea of a crowded crossing. If we think of it not only as a solemn barrier and boundary-mark of estates, but as a point where accidental meetings are had, where the unexpected is always possible, where secure things get lost and undiscoverable things are found, where gossip finds its unintended encounters and wit seizes happenings on the fly, there

is a distinct Presence and Being to be seen exhaling out of the splashing and evaporation of the Trivial. Poe saw this goddess once, emerging from the steam and hurry of the unexpected crossing; he called her "The Angel of the Odd." There is a certain class of artists, and that not the least gifted, who confine themselves intentionally in the pleasant borders of the Trivial. To them, well pleased, we give audience in a chapter.

Let us give thanks! After having been edified, and instructed, and elevated, and purified, and perhaps scandalized, by the various phases of modern Art as exhibited in the French schools, come we now to a select band of painters who aim no higher than to amuse us. They are neither Mediæval, nor Realistic, nor Ideal, they are Clever, and we unbend at once to greet them, when we

enter their hospitable doors,—we feel that we are going to be cheerful; to be tickled very likely; possibly to laugh outright. For want of better phrase let us call them Toy painters; it is a short word and easily spelled and no disrespect is meant by its application. And the curtain shall rise to soft purring, and be rung up by feline paws;—hail! pussy-cat, kitten, tommy and tabby! And hail! M. Eugène Lambert, who paints you so marvelously. In him you have indeed found an admirer who knows you much better than your historiographer, or “historiogriffe” as Voltaire put it, the late lamented Moncrif, and to him you owe gratitude and many laurels. It is with a real astonishment that one sees



Cornelia and her Jewels. By E. Lambert.

with what a happy surety the painter seizes the characteristics of these feline domestics; where is another who can depict so well their shining fur, their supple and nervous construction, who can portray so well their graceful abandonment, their amusing playfulness, and above all the regard of their phosphorescent eyes, now full of tenderness and now of a cruelty at once cold and ardent. Before M. Lambert's pictures your spleen is dissipated in spite of yourself; what a price Cardinal Richelieu would have paid for them if the painter had lived under Louis XIII; his palette would have valued him an Abbey! He is acquainted with all the members of this illustrious family;

sometimes he shows us a most respectable tabby, the gravest of matrons, seated with her drowsy and demure offspring beside her on cushion or toilette table; sometimes a marauding band of these small freebooters, who have carried by escalade their mistress' spinning-wheel and who throw themselves into the disarrangement of her skeins with a zest to make that careful machine weep; sometimes they merely pose for their portraits and regard the spectator with that air of heavenly and ineffable innocence that only a white hypocrite filled with mice can wear. Sometimes the painter descends to doggy-subjects, especially those close-shaven, white French poodles, of the kind called *truffé*—that is, with black spots on the skin,—a peculiarity much prized by the fancy: but M. Lambert does not hold the canine race in much affection. Dogs are too large and clumsy, too coarse-textured, perhaps too honest, to be entirely at home in his fine interiors and on his silken cushions, their voices are too noisy and loud or snappish and shrill for his sense of the proprieties, he objects like the Athenians to their manners and customs and to their brutal conduct towards his more aristocratic sitters. But the felidæ, great and small, are the painter's own animals, supple and strong, swift in their strike and pre-eminently graceful in their repose, positively incapable of awkwardness which is the greatest of artistic sins, and so sumptuously clad in their silken coats, tawny and silver and sable! There is a certain noble white cat of our acquaintance who has long seemed to us one of the most perfect and capable of animals, with muscles of steel and eyes of smothered fire and a fur that is flawless. He is a mighty hunter; not the quickest of rodents nor the swiftest of small birds is safe from his flashing spring, there is not a tree top in his master's grounds that he has not visited, and in the evening, returning from his forays, he stretches himself royally on a certain crimson velvet seat in the stairway—with a fine, barbaric eye for color,—and if you are well acquainted with him will permit you to stroke his snowy and terrible flanks. Never was there a more perfect adaptation of means to ends than in this truly splendid piece of mechanism.

M. Lambert is one of the most distinguished members of the brilliant little Society of Painters in Water-colors, founded in 1879, and whose luxurious little galleries in the rue Lafitte, near the Boulevard des Italiens, are so well adapted to the display of their pictures. The light falls only from above, and the walls with their red velvet "dados" and "flatted" and neutral-tinted "fields," with slight decorations in pseudo-Japanese, are most appropriate for the purpose to which they are dedicated. A few pieces of good furniture and some fine old Japanese vases, filled with growing plants, complete, with the excellent display of the artists, this little temple of bric-à-brac. In the intervals between their annual exhibition of water-colors the members are represented by their pictures and sketches in oil, and it was the first of these intermediary exhibitions which gave rise to so large an amount of small wit on the part of the Parisian journalists concerning these aquarelle painters in oil-color. The opening of the gallery was all the more noteworthy and welcome in Paris, where in spite of the large and increasing number of artists, the general interest in art and its

liberal patronage by the government, the number of picture exhibitions is so much smaller than in London, where there are, upon an average, eight or ten galleries always open. In the French capital, when the Salon is closed, there will be perhaps one or two exhibitions at the "Mirliton" or some other artistic club, an occasional display by the "impressionists," and in the case of the death of some distinguished artist, an exhibition of his works at the Académie des Beaux-Arts. As we have said, M. Lambert is very fond of portraying his interesting clients by the pretty and appropriate medium of

water-colors, and the sketch of the displayed "Fan" which we present to our readers is from one of these skillful aquarelles. Across the outstretched field of this costly toy is painted a little rainbow-arch of pussy heads, grave and gay, and on either side, like heraldic supporters, are two living catkins, in the very flower of their furry adolescence. One of them turns his contemplative regard upwards with a sweetness and benignity that none but a master hand could have seized.



THE LETTER-BOX.
By T. Lobrichon.

Albert Anker, one of the most charming of the painters who have devoted themselves to delineating child-life, was born at Berne in Switzerland, but has constituted himself a full-blooded Frenchman, partly by his education in Paris, partly by natural addiction to graceful trivialities. Indeed, who are so French as the assimilated foreigners? What opéra-bouffe queen was ever so French as la Schneider, what composer was ever so French as Offenbach, what feuille-toniste was ever so French as Albert

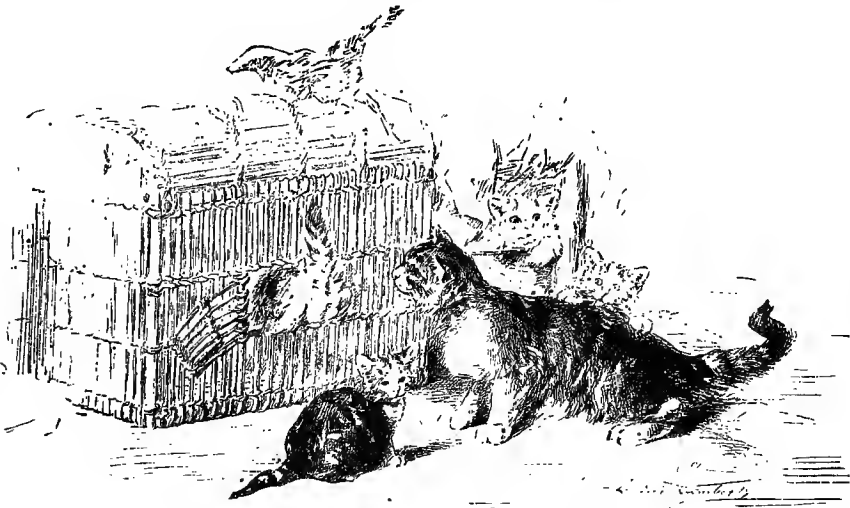
Wolff? It is the touchstone of the French genius to attract and digest into its own essence whatever congenial talent may be floating in the circumjacent lands. Anker has made a specialty of the robust and delicious babydom of France—the infants who are tied up in high chairs and perform sword-exercise with rattles, the children who imbibe pap in a gurgling manner, the children who face each other over picture-books, and make up histories with a gravity that renders our Herodotus or our Gibbon mere child's play. In the "Reading-Lesson," which Varin has so exquisitely engraved, the chubby child



Very Busy. Sketch by T. Lobrichon.

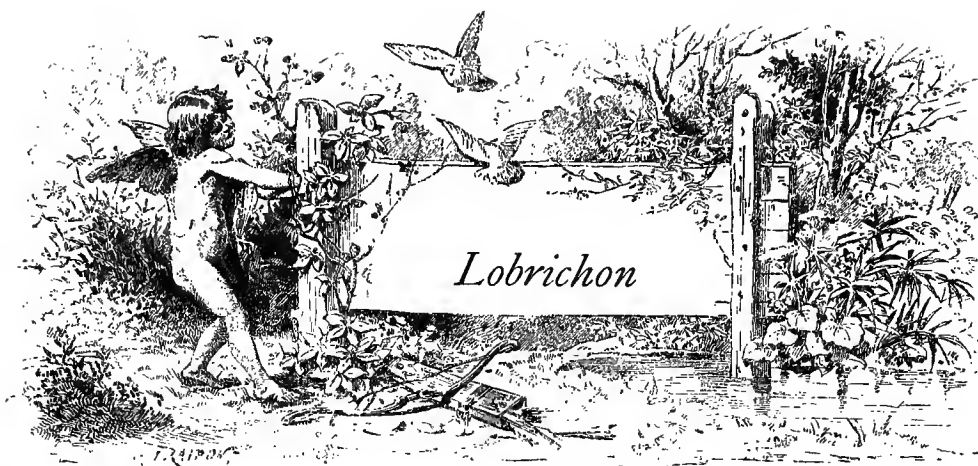
of Anker's usual type is made to seem still more fresh and tender by contrast with wrinkled age. A placid old grandmother is provided by the painter to show the antithesis, and she points with her shrivelled finger to the letter A in the primer, the first thing to be learned in life's long education. The boy has thrown aside his wooden cavalryman, and looks at the alphabet with pleased curiosity. For him, Study is as yet seductive, and the letters a charming game. Probably he has been told so, for we are unblushing humbugs in our intercourse with children, and practise all the arts of temptation with effrontery in their behalf. Anker was taught to paint, in Paris, by the greatest of the artists of his native land, M. Gleyre.

Mazerolle, whose "Fairies' Protégée" forms one of the most beautiful of the child-subjects in this volume, was also educated by Gleyre. His graceful talent leads him to disport with inimitable lightness and delicacy in those fields of art which are lower than the solemn peaks of imagination, yet which over-



Is the Cage quite Empty? Sketch by E. Lambert.

flow with fanciful and flowery beauties. The art which has gone to compose the subject of "The Fairies' Protégée" would hardly be recognized as serious art by the would-be Raphaels and Titians of the day; the design was, in fact, besides its juvenile subject, still further removed from the dignity of grand painting by being intended as a pattern for tapestry. M. Mazerolle imagines the gifts of the good fairies and the ban of the wicked fairy as taking place, not in Irish hovel or Scotch shieling, but in a radiant Greek palace fit for Pericles. If an objection should be made to the introduction of fairyland into Greece, it should be remembered that Shakespeare has done the same thing in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Campbell has cleverly pointed out, in his comments on this play, that fairies have undoubtedly lived in all times, and were present in the life of the ancient Greeks, though the latter could not see them; which seems to us as philosophical an explanation as could possibly be desired by the most logical child who examines the beauties of "The Protégée."



OVERS of this school of little things, of flourishes, of trifles, naturally find the most important representatives are the little men and women, and we see accordingly more than one of the minor painters of the day in France seriously devoting his talent to the service of small children. Generally, to be sure, this artist to humanity in miniature is husband and father, very often indeed it is his own infants who supply him with inspiration and with models, but he must needs bring to his mission, if he be successful, no little affection and enthusiasm. One can scarcely imagine a hater of babies painting babies; the mere technical difficulty of persuading these small personages to pose in the required attitude for so many weary minutes is only to be overcome by the skill of one whom they feel to be their lover. Indeed he must straddle both sides of the difficulty; he must not only make himself infantile to enter into their small joys and woes, but he must dilate himself again into adult practical wisdom to bring these Liliputian doings to the just appreciation of those unreasonable fellow-adults who are only interested in children as they are in Japanese lacquer and Elzevir editions and other bric-à-brac. And it speaks well for the versatility of French talent as well as for the honest domestic virtues of the French character, that so many of the modern artists of that clever nation

have solved the problem so neatly. Several years ago, Lalauze, the engraver, published a series of etchings under the title of "The Little World" in which, in a succession of charming compositions and aided by the prose of an able writer, he exhibited some of the multiple scenes of infancy. He narrated the comedies, the idyls, the epics, the tragedies which have birth in the chubby and curly-haired head of the baby. The publication had a great success; all the mothers in France aided it.

Monsieur T. Lobrichon of Paris, born at Cornod in the Jura, is one of the most hardy explorers in this charmed country, discovered so long ago, traversed by so many navigators, and which has yet so many secrets to reveal. Lucky painter! happy man! he has chosen for his subject that which is most seductive in humanity (after the mothers), and without repeating himself he has



The Larks and the Looking-glass. A sketch by J. Aubert.

constantly found new themes on which his art has exerted herself to broider capricious and charming arabesques. And yet it was chance, or rather necessity, which launched him in the craggy paths of Art. Although born in a country from which spring so hardy a race of men, the painter's health was of the frailest from his first moments. Frequent and severe indispositions embarrassed his early education, which became in consequence very much neglected. His family sent him to Paris to engage in commercial pursuits, and in these perhaps he would have remained all his life but for the outbreak of the Revolution of 1848. With the same explosion a throne was overturned, a commercial future ruined—and an escape towards the ideal opened. Thus do great things and little interchange in this world. M. Lobrichon, for want of other employment, set himself to designing, to designing again, to designing

all the time, so stoutly that his family, affectionate and self-denying, did not hesitate to impose real privations upon themselves to aid him in his new vocation. He entered the atelier of Picot, where he acquired the rudiments of painting. But poverty encamped on his very door-step, and the future artist was forced to demand of industrial art the bread which the nobler pursuit denied him. He turned photographer, he designed feet and hands for a painter whose knowledge of the human figure was incomplete. However, he found time to remedy some of the defects of his fragmentary education; he designed without relaxation, and he sketched out compositions of an excessive romanticism.

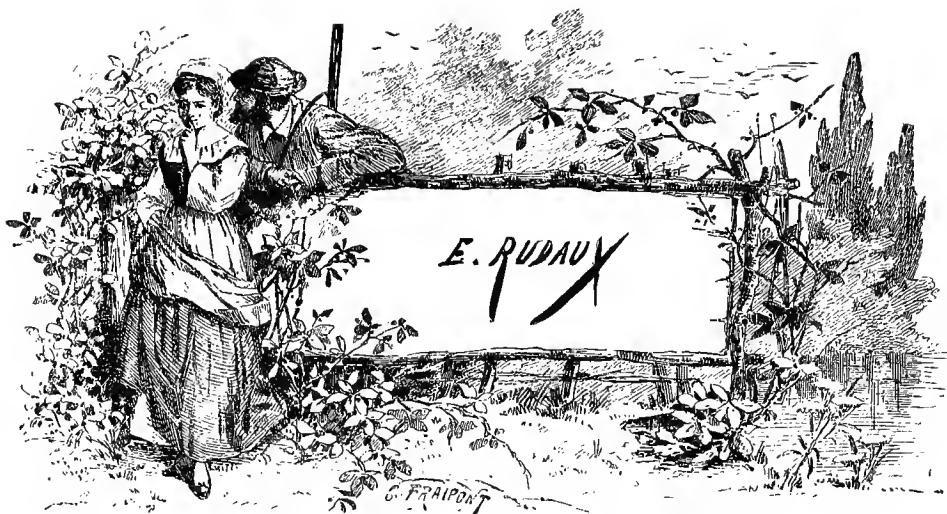
A "Vision of Ezekiel," terrible in its frank horror, was hung in the Salon of 1869. Later "*Han d' Islande*" inspired him with a scene which would have charmed Pétrus Borel: a wretch seated on a pile of corpses and drinking blood from the skull of an enemy. So many essays were needful for the painter, so many experiments, so many discouragements! Finally he sought other themes, he endeavored to pass from the frightful to the gracious, to reproduce the dreams of Ossian, and to give to the mists of the morning graceful and feminine forms. But success crowned this effort no more than his former ones. It was the path trodden by small and dimpled feet which brought him to his true mission, and the gates of success were opened to him by the hands of infants.

Like Hamon, M. Lobrichon makes of these puny beings the heroes of charming allegories, of satires full of humor. He shows them triumphant or vanquished; sometimes it is St. Michael, sometimes the Devil in *pettito*. But he plays the part of showman with so much good-nature that the criminal exposed in effigy is received only with smiles. It is an amiable style which is assuredly not high art, around which revolve no systems, no theories, but which pleases the public, and which may be compared to those soft and gentle melodies in which the musicians of the last century excelled, and to feel the charm of which, it is not necessary to have mastered the fugue nor counterpoint.

In the list of the painter's works for the last ten years may be read terrible titles as well as gracious ones, but the terrible ones represent very small tragedies indeed to the indifferent and grown-up looker-on. In 1872 he exhibited "First Loves," "House on the sand;" in 1873, "A Young Criminal;" in 1874, "The Baggage of Croquemitaine," "The Doll's Dinner," "The portrait of Madeleine;" in 1875, the "Volunteer of One Year," "The Red Spectre," and the portrait of a young demoiselle; in 1876, another portrait; in 1877, "The Last Day of a Condemned Man;" in 1878, "A Day's Work;" in 1879, "Going to the Bath;" in 1880, "Before the Scales," "Devant Guignol," and the "Torments of Tantalus." In the last named, of which we give a reproduction from the artist's own sketch, the unlucky father of Niobe is only a very young Monsieur who from the giddy height of his infant chair strives in vain to reach his toy which has fallen to the floor, and who wails and storms in a corresponding degree with baffled desire and vexation. In the "Last Day of a Condemned," the wretched victim of the law is only a vast image of a man in

sugared gingerbread, who, clasped tightly in the round arms of a Mlle. of six years, is carried, staring and unwitting, to his destruction. In the "Red Spectre," the gory vision serves to frighten only the smallest of nursery monarchs; and the "Young Criminal" is very young indeed. "The Baggage of Croquemitaine," however, anticipates a real tragedy, and we can fancy the tender and lively imagination of many a mother turning away in distress from this painting before which the clever-witted masculine only laughs. Croquemitaine is the great Ogre of the French nursery tales, who replenishes his larder with both good and bad babies, and these dimpled innocents, the proceeds of his morning's marketing, attend no less a fate than to be served up for dinner! Fortunately, they are all unaware of their destiny, and packed in the giant's basket, just set down from his broad back, they attend to their own small affairs heedless of the future. One of them sulks tremendously, with the chubby fingers buried in the mouth, while his, or her, doll hangs suspended head downward in the most distressing posture; a second cries noisily, but in a perfectly aimless manner, and probably only to amuse himself; a third regards the sulker with a dispassionate interest; and the largest, a little girl, flattens herself against the high back of the basket, with perhaps a vague suspicion that this is not her own nursery and that something is wrong. Outside the pannier, under the shadow of the ogre's walking-stick, crouches a very small Mademoiselle, who makes at the spectator great eyes of offended privacy. This is all; the coming catastrophe does not affect the spectator at all (unless it be the tender mother aforesaid); the painter's skillful design, his ingenious arrangement, his accentuation of character and his harmonious color, are all spent on this slight motive, this passing idea, this clever plaything. It is like the witty relief-work on the side of a Japanese vase, in which all the artist's talent and labor are expended to fill the eye and amuse the fancy for the moment that you regard it. But to do even *that* worthily is well worth while, and the laborer is entitled to his reward. M. Lobrichon has also attacked the difficult art of portraiture with no less success than the painting of infants, and now, at the summit of his modest fame, he can look back over the difficult path he has followed conscientiously from a point of departure so humble, so miserable, so little to be envied by the lovers of their own race.

Somebody says—we believe it is a French proverb—that one has often need of some one lesser than oneself, and an amusing picture of M. Lobrichon, of which we give the artist's drawing, may serve for a very apt illustration of the truth of the saw. Bettine and her little brother have been despatched to the street-corner to mail the letter which is in a hurry. Mamma is busy, and the "bonne" has gone out on her weekly half-holiday; the infants are playing about, and their mother sends them off with the epistle forgetful of the height of the postal receptacle, or perhaps trusting to the kindness of some passer-by. But the street is deserted at the moment, and the desired opening is above her tallest stretching; so the sister confides the missive to the little man, and catching him around his body, lifts him valiantly towards heaven and the letter-box. Alas! he cannot quite compass it; he is still just a little below his desired object, though he exerts all his small energies towards it—like a man!



ROWN-UP children are what attract Monsieur Rudaux: indeed, the two by whom he first acquired his popularity, in the Salon of 1869, the takers of "Toll," are bearded and coifed with all the attributes of full adolescence, and if they comport themselves in their small affair with the serious gravity of infants, it is only because it so pleased the fancy of the painter, and is in accordance with the idle and graceful traditions of his school. He was born at Verdun, the 10th of February, 1840, and although he first saw the light so far inland, it is declared by his sprightly biographer that almost his first emotions were a great longing, a "home-sickness," for the sea. As will be seen, in later life he has been able to gratify this passion by setting up his easel on the shore and making the ocean the background of his mimic scenes, but it is only in its milder aspects that he affects the great element, nor do we anywhere read that his passion for it ever leads him far from the stable and constant land. Like many another, the artist came to Paris while yet very young, and sought a means of existence, although if he had but to consult his own desires his occupation would have been very readily found. To make drawings seemed to him the supremest of joys, but concerning this pursuit his family entertained the gravest of doubts. His mother, particularly, watched with apprehension his inclinations toward Art; she foresaw for him only a precarious future, great

difficulties to surmount, and perhaps misery itself to be endured. Indeed, it is difficult to blame such solicitude; these poor mothers! who can despise their fears—who will venture to smile at the prayers which they address to the children of their bosoms, when these launch themselves so hardily into the unknown? Is it that they can know what it is to be an Artist? But that which they do know is that it is necessary to struggle, to suffer, to despair, often. And they who have sacrificed so much, who have given their blood, their vigils, who have bent over the cradle which sickness visited, who have, sometimes, through force of devotion, disputed successfully their well-beloved, their son, with Death himself, they have assuredly the right to be alarmed when they see this child of their tears set out in the gaiety of his heart toward a chimera which may be as well the sphinx which devours as the victory that



Pot Luck. By J. Fraipa.

crowns. Mrs. Browning has sung the mother of patriots; who will set up a monument to the mothers of artists?

Happily the maternal parent of M. Rudaux has seen all her forebodings changed into smiles of gratitude at the success of her son. M. Victor Leclair, the skillful painter of flowers, was the first preceptor of this neophyte. In his atelier the young man applied himself to decorative painting, whilst the desires of his family inclined toward securing him some post in the civic administration. He made many designs for the manufacturing of Aubusson carpets, and acquired such skill in this occupation as to add largely to his slender means, and enable him to devote a little more of his time to his favorite sketching in oil amongst the suburbs of Paris. Perhaps it was in one of these excursions that he first made the acquaintance of Eugène Laveille, the landscape painter, but certain it is that from this friendship he derived the greatest benefits, and that M. Laveille



Passed Already! Sketch by E. Rudaux.

exercised upon him a serious influence and inculcated in him the best principles in the study of Nature. Later his good fortune led him to encounter Gustave Boulanger, who persuaded him to undertake figure painting, and with these three counsellors M. Rudaux might well consider himself qualified to undertake his first important canvas.

In that which it has been agreed to call "genre" painting, the début of the young artist was a great success. His "Taking Toll," at the Salon of 1869, was bought by the house of Goupil, and being by them published in almost every



A Stringency in the Money-market. By J. Geoffroy.

form of reproduction, soon became popular. At the Salon it could have been sold thirty times. Its pendant, "Passed Already," which we lay before our readers, was also bought by Goupils. In neither of them is the situation very serious; in both of them the blasé, faded spectator experiences a sudden respite from his perturbations concerning the fate of Cabinets or the fall in Rentes. The handsome blond "toll-taker," in his velveteen shooting-costume, lays a hand on each rail of the narrow bridge, and completely blocks the passage-way to Mlle. Virginie, the spruce daughter of the village innkeeper, on her short cut through the woods to the nearest farm. She advances modestly, with her eyes downcast; the spectator forgets his doubtful invest-

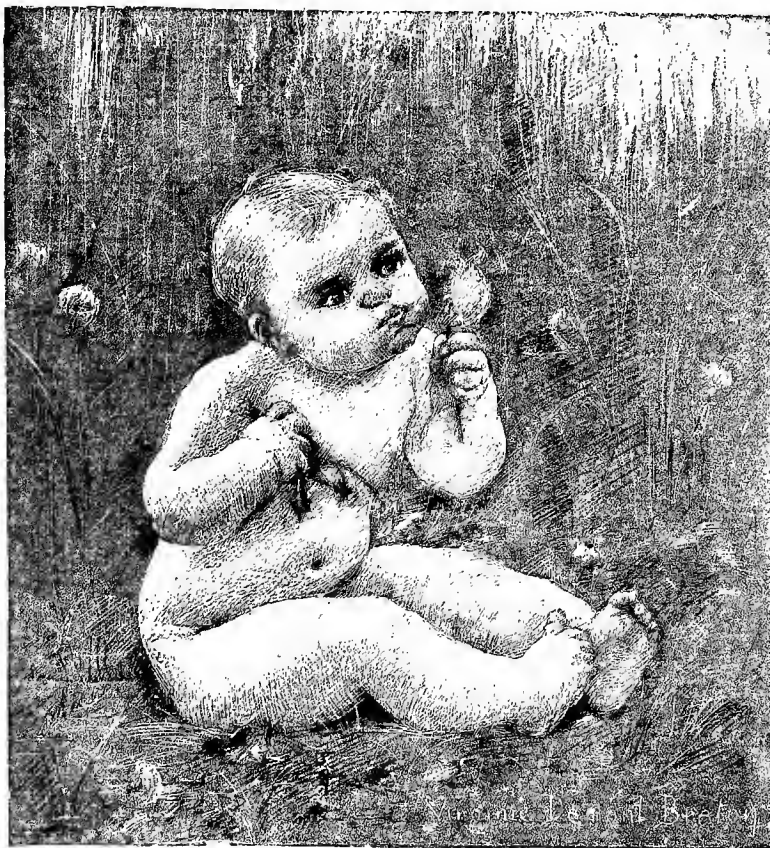
ments, to conjecture amusedly her proceedings during the next moment. Will she scream? Will she cuff the ears of the bold chasseur? Will she pay her "toll" *doucement* to Monsieur? Will he relent at the last moment and let her pass free? Only one thing is tolerably certain, she will not petrify him with awful dignity; for all her assumption of unconsciousness, she knows very well the fate that menaces her, and she advances quite steadily to meet it. In the second scene, that of our illustration, the ingenious painter contrives still to leave us in doubt as to the exact circumstances of the encounter. The huntsman goes his way absorbed apparently only in making his cigarette draw;

has he already forgotten the tender passage, man-like, or is he striving by affected indifference to cover his defeat? Mademoiselle, being a woman, remembers longer, and, as there is no one to see, betrays her emotions more frankly. She half pauses and looks after her departing enemy with a gesture which may mean either regret at her coldness or a more tender emotion. And the beholder of this small drama casts a look at the landscape which encloses it, solidly and harmoniously painted, and goes his way, having been cheated for ten good minutes out of the cares of this work-a-day world.

But War, which brings destruction to clever and amusing painters, as well as to the rest of mankind, and the siege of Paris, which separated so many French families, separated M. Rudaux from his wife and babies, who sought refuge in Normandy, and brought the husband and father to the privations and cold of that dreadful winter. Once the armistice signed, he hastened to rejoin them, and, perhaps through disgust of Paris, perhaps through need of calm, he installed himself definitely in the environs of Elbeuf. There, in the open country, he acquired the habit of working entirely out of doors, a habit which has become with him almost a necessity. As he writes to a friend: "My garden is my best studio; the free air has become a condition indispensable to my existence; this is why the shores of the sea attract me more and more. I would only wish to paint there." The sea seems to exercise on him the same influence which it has exerted on all contemplative minds; and he resolved to make it serve him as a frame for all the scenes which he might paint hereafter. It is thus that he has given us a complete series of themes of childhood, taken from life on the beach, before the tide which mounts and descends; it is there that the world of little ones which fills his thoughts spreads itself over the sands, rolls its marbles, goes a-fishing, and constructs and destroys those imposing fortresses of an architecture truly composite and of an endurance more than problematical. In this order of ideas, M. Rudaux has found a solid prosperity, possibly because he paints sincerely that which he sees, and with a spirit characteristic of himself. It has been his fortune to have stumbled across real treasure-troves, and to have had strokes of good luck which might well have made another envious. His divers compositions show that they have been painted *con amore*, and his successes, no doubt, have been due in great measure to the fact that the heart of the father comes to the aid of the brain of the painter, with his own babies, charming and small models, before him. The enumeration of his later works will recall to the memory many of these graceful and pretty stories. In 1872, "Attention;" in 1873, "Mr. Bigknife;" 1874, "He Never Stammers," a "Day of Fatigue," "In My Orchard;" in 1875, "Very Skillful With the Line," "Disarranged Anyhow;" in 1876, "Grand Representation," the "Involuntary Volunteer of One Year;" in 1877, the "Portrait of Biquette," the "Fleet of the Future;" in 1878, "Little Shrimp-fishers," "Seeking a Motive;" in 1879, the "Toilers of the Sea," "And the Sea Mounts all the Time;" in 1880, "S'cat! S'cat!"

M. Jean Aubert brings to our amusement much more Attic salt; his little dramas unroll themselves not on the sands of Elbeuf or Trouville, but in the

much more charming country of Nomansland;—his toys were made for us not in Nuremburg, but in Carcassonne. Look at this pleasant piece of nothing, "The Larks' Mirror," his picture in the Salon of 1881. Even before seeing it, you may be tolerably certain, if you know the painter, that the "larks" which he seeks to capture have much more affinity with the "Geese of Friar Philippe" than with those innocent and edible small birds of which the pastry-cooks of Pithiviers know how to make such excellent use. These larks are graceful demoiselles, young and pretty, distributed in harmonious groups in a smiling



Dandelion-Seeds. By Mme. Virginie Demont-Breton.

country, to the great delectation of the eye of the beholder. The foremost of these groups, and the eldest, is composed of damsels of the age of eighteen or twenty, we should judge, that is to say in the very flower of their brilliant youth, old enough to know well what fate awaits them if they fall into the nets of the fowler, but in their smiling eyes it is easy to see that the prospect does not fill them with any great dread. A little further off, others, scarcely sixteen yet, ingenuous and naïve, look on and hesitate, still ignorant, but already curious, and the youngest and most distant of all, barely old enough to have forgotten

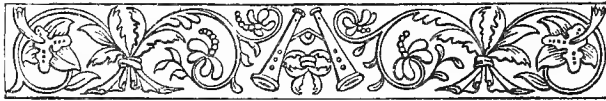
their doll-babies, regard wonderingly or are borne off cruelly by their elders. When the larks are young women, it is fair to infer that the hunter is Cupid; and it is he in effect whom M. Aubert shows us seated on the mossy slope and holding in his outstretched hand the fatal mirror, which he twirls rapidly around by means of a cord. There he sits, charming and unbreeched, in a posture full of abandonment, the conquering little divinity who poisons his arrows in honey and absinthe, whose cruelties are sweet and his sweetnesses cruel. The impressions which you carry away from this pretty and welcome picture are altogether amiable; its composition and arrangement leave nothing to be desired, and its personages are most graceful and fair to see. Its colors, in tones very tender and soft and clear, are in harmony with these mysterious subjects of which the scene is placed in landscapes nearer to dream-land than to reality, in uncertain and twilight hours, and of which the light resembles that in the Elysian Fields of Virgil. Another color, another light, would destroy the truth of the artist's work, poet and painter both as he must be. Indeed it is given to very few men to render these enchanted "*fêtes champêtres*," and it is no small part of the debts of the world to the sprightly French nation that its artists succeed in transporting us once in a while to such fields of pure fantasy. Imagine the lumbering and scientific Teuton realizing this scene for us, or the followers of Fortuny, or see what a melancholy country it is when even the most imaginative of English painters, the president of the Royal Academy, takes us there! At Burlington House this season Leighton opened *his* lattice and showed us this pleasant country, pleasant no longer. Two damsels recline under a tree and a shepherd flutes to them, but the wind of the weary world is in his pipe and a heavy ennui settles alike on his two hearers and on the spectator who regards them. Poussin did better; his nymphs and their lovers had at least no burden of earthly care, and they had each one his or her touch of individuality, which the personages of Sir Frederick Leighton seem to lack completely; but Poussin's rural folk were almost too earthy; *their* country, although not to be found in the geographies, was certainly not enchanted, excepting in that most beautiful painting, "*Et in Arcadia Ego*." Fragonard and Boucher erred in the other extreme; it is impossible to feel much interest in their sprightly little people in porcelain; but Watteau in his finest work struck very nearly the golden mean, and a truly beautiful specimen of his best period may be seen by tarry-at-home travellers in one of the later acquisitions of the Metropolitan Museum of New York. But the perfect flower and apex of all these dream-land pictures is the first-painted of them all, the Giorgione in the Louvre; in that little square of canvas the human hand has indeed put aside the vail and given us a glimpse of that pleasant twilight country where nothing coarse nor cruel can ever come. M. Aubert's misty grey lands, tenanted by virgins and loves, are somewhat nearer the shores of every day; but they are very charming, and they do refresh us in seeing them. He may be said to-day to be almost the only representative of that Pompeian, or rather New-Greek, school, so much the fashion some years ago, and from which so many have turned to take up with the violences of realism; that school of which Hamon,

too-early dead, was perhaps the most sympathetic and the most brilliant professor. Unlike Hamon, M. Aubert is never quite in earnest; he seeks to amuse as well as to charm; his juvenile people make us smile as much by their foolishness as by their beauty. Like Hamon, he belongs to that little band of explorers, ingenious and delicate—who explore too far perhaps, and are too delicate—whose horror of stupidity and hatred of vulgarity and the commonplace, throw them sometimes, if they are not careful, into affectation and prettiness. The painters of this school borrow nothing from the fiery brushes of Venice or Antwerp; on their palettes you detect only charming colors in gamuts of white and silver, rather pale, but truly agreeable, and which the eye finds it difficult to forget, when once it has become accustomed to their seductive softnesses. That which Aubert most loves to portray on his canvas is the feminine type in the first flower of its pretty morning, the young girl of fifteen to twenty years, with her candor, her illusions, and the charming grace of her unwisdom. And his fellow-countrymen have already begun to complain that far too many of his numerous pictures make the sea-voyage, and are swallowed up by the avaricious galleries of the rich Americans—those galleries, they say, which, if the movement continues, seem destined one day to receive all the best paintings of the old world.

At the Salon of 1878, M. Aubert exposed two pictures, "Cupid Selling Mirrors" and the "Lesson of Astronomy." The mirror-merchant has for customers a crowd of pretty girls—certainly the most suitable purchasers of his wares,—and the astronomy-lesson does not apparently take place at the Observatory. The old savant searches Venus through his telescope in the profound depths of the sky, while at his back two lovers find in each other's eyes the star of the blonde goddess. At the Salon of 1879, he was represented by a portrait and by a "Baptism of Christ"—a serious departure from his usual themes; and at the Palais de l'Industrie, in 1880, by another portrait and a charming bit of decoration, a fragment of a frieze, Pericles, Aspasia and Phidias.

Madame V. Demont-Breton, daughter of the famous Emile Breton, finds it quite possible to entertain us without leaving the tangible earth behind her, and without invoking any more spiritual people in her pictures than peasants and fisher-folk. It would indeed be difficult to imagine a daughter of her father, poet though he is, filling her canvas with allegories and symbols. Like her father, she is able to see the glamour that veils the most every-day object—a talent which she shares with both her uncles, though indeed the eldest, Louis, when the family fortunes went to ruin, abandoned his profession to take the management of the ancestral brewery, which the father, mayor of Courrières, had been obliged to relinquish. The second son, Emile, paints his sober, patient landscapes, from Artois to Dijon, with almost all the skill of his brother, though he has not yet found confidence enough in his academy studies to people them with figures. In the Franco-German war, Emile shouldered his musket and comported himself so stoutly on the field of battle that his general fell on his neck in true Gallic enthusiasm. In the Salon of 1880, Mme. Demont-Breton exhibited a study of April flowers, and a "Rivulet," in which





A. ANKER



The Reading Lesson



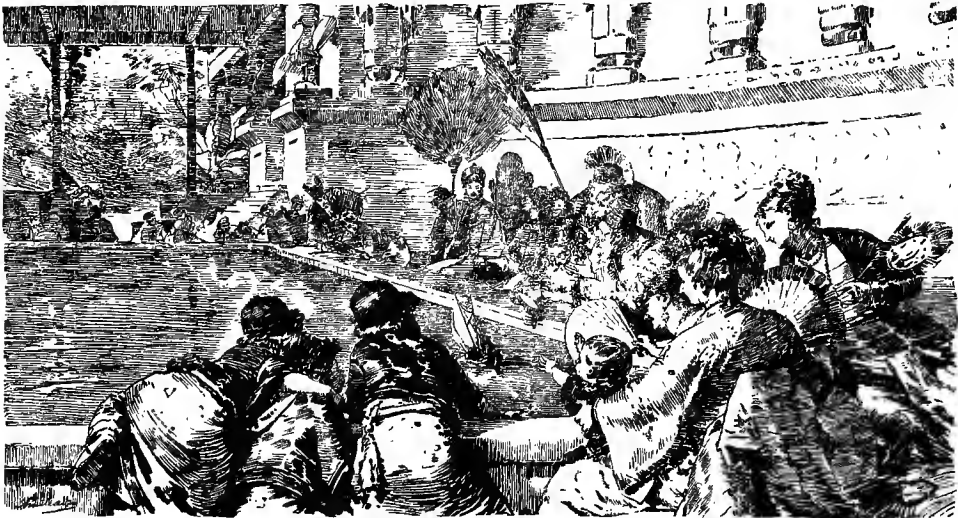
Engraved by A. & E. Varin

the cheerful Greek water-nymph is personated by a small knock-kneed peasant-girl, who is quite as naked as her prototype, and therefore fulfills her mission probably as well. In the exhibition of 1881, the fair painter shows us a strong-limbed fisher-wife, bringing her two children back from their morning bath in the sea, clinging to the rounded stepping-stones with her curving and prehensile feet. The smallest babe sits on her bent arm, in the customary and comfortable attitude, but the eldest is trussed-up by his armpits summarily, and the remainder of his helpless anatomy hangs dangling in the most pitiful and original manner. The figures are skillfully and frankly painted, full of movement and illusion, and the color plays a very important rôle in the composition. Mme. Demont-Breton was born at her father's home of Courrières, and is a worthy daughter and a worthy pupil of her father, of whom indeed she has mastered the technical style in great degree; while the juvenility of her subjects, the sympathy which keeps her among the babes and nurselings, constitute her a welcome member of the group of Plaything Painters. "The Dandelion" is a charming subject, a little fancy of a truant babe, who consults the child's clock, the seed-vessel of the commonest of field flowers, by blowing away the feathers, to see how many of its innocent breaths will be needed to blow the stem bare, thus showing a precocious desire, almost worthy of a Yankee child, to know the "time of day."

In his impromptu dinner scene, "Pot-luck," M. Frappa shows us a group of his favorite ecclesiastics engaged in that most un-ecclesiastical of occupations—providing for themselves a feast of edibles and drinkables with a zest of coming enjoyment that is really much more carnal than spiritual. One stout Friar Tuck grinds the coffee, holding the mill between his knees in the only satisfactory manner known; one lean father is uncorking the wine-bottles, and a third, spectacled and covered with the beretta of his rank, is provided with a noble game pie. All three turn their eager and smiling countenances towards the open door-way of the *salle-à-manger*, through which enter the "begging monks"—a fat brother with a basket of eggs and vegetables on either arm and a famous cabbage borne aloft in triumph, and a thinner saint carrying carefully a lofty temple in iced confectionery—the solid realities and the æsthetic refinements of the coming feast. On the opposite side of the table, the stout landlady, polishing the silver, regards also with approval the new contributions; and even the family cat turns an appreciative countenance towards them. Through another open door-way the distant kitchen is seen, with its presiding genius, and the lofty china-closet opposite the spectator has both its doors thrown wide open, that nothing may be lacking to the setting out of the festal board. If there be such a thing as the dignity of Art, it is certainly lacking in this picture; but in its stead may be found several comfortable and hilarious qualities, which there are those who appreciate much more.

M. Geoffroy's picture, which may be called "Stringency in the Money-market," is remarkable for the complexity of its emotions, as well as for the vivid out-of-doors effect of its painting. Three small children have bought a

certain quantity of roasted chestnuts of an itinerant merchant at the corner of a narrow Parisian street; two of them await in comfortable anticipation the coming feast, whilst the largest and most masculine searches his breeches-pockets for the necessary coin. Alas! like many an older pocket, it yields only the most unsatisfactory of results; its owner still continues his investigations, but his confident countenance is becoming very conjectural, while the merchant, smiling, but still more doubtful, withdraws with one hand the desired purchase and extends the other for the dubious payment. The two smallest customers have not yet grasped the situation; when they do so, as they probably will soon, the variety of their griefs, disappointed appetites and angry passions, combined with the vexation and mortified vanity of their patron, and the scorn and baffled covetousness of the vendor, will form a total of human passions before

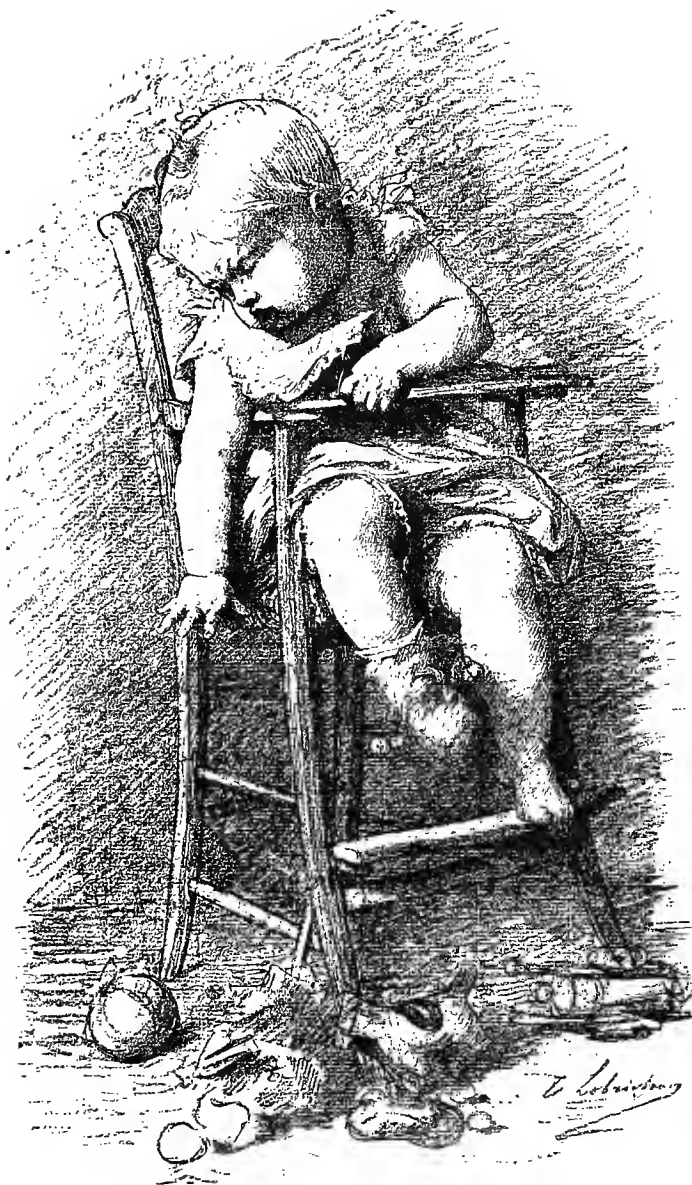


Gulliver in Brobdingnag. Sketch by L. E. Adan.

which the discomfited art of the painter will have to give way to the more descriptive pen of his literary brother.

L. E. Adan is the painter of "Gulliver in Brobdingnag," and the preparatory sketch from his own pencil is given on this page. Every reader will appreciate the delicate humor of this quaint scene, where the stout-hearted voyager labors at the tiller among the giantesses, trying to make successful sail under the simooms which they blow from their windmill-like fans. The court costume chosen for the wicked maids of honor by M. Adan, in its gay Cathayan extravagance, is completely worthy of Brobdingnag.

The real patriarch and founder of the race of modern Art, considered as a graceful Plaything, was a painter of stronger imagination than Lobrichon, or Rudaux, or Lambert; this was Jean-Louis Hamon, born May 8th, 1821, in the



Tantalus ! A sketch by T. Lobrichon

little Breton parish of Plouha, in the village of Saint-Loup, and deceased at Saint-Raphael, May 29th, 1874. That month in which poor Hamon began and ended, was the crest and device of his life. True May-flower of art, he beguiled the stately Muse of Painting to the pursuit of his inimitable graces, his volatile and fugitive perfume. He has influenced the whole habit of decorative and epigrammatic ornament in this generation; not only do Aubert and Perrault try to catch for their compositions a fleeting grace from his fancy, but artists of considerable creative originality show an obvious obligation to his sweet playful vein of allegory—so much so that every design in *pâte-sur-pâte* which Solon turns out at Minton's is a frank emulator of Hamon's grace, lucky if it can catch a reflected beauty from his ideas.

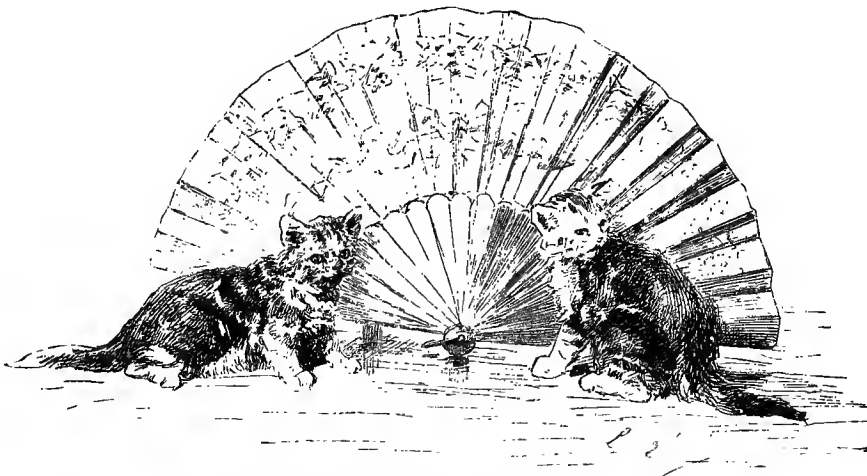
The specimen of Hamon's incomparable pencil which is shown in the line-engraving is simply called "The Skein-Winder," and represents a maiden sitting on a divan winding silk from the great hank held on the arms of a younger girl, who kneels at her feet. The picture belongs to Hamon's series of tender girl-subjects, wherein, ranging his pretty maidens always two-and-two, he contrasts their doubled beauty, "like to a double cherry, seeming parted," or like the emphasis of reflection and original in the floating swan of the lake. Such were the "Orphans," sweet inexperienced girls, dressed in black robes as plain as shrouds, and sewing pensively at other mourning garments. Dual also were the damsels in "Equality of the Seraglio," painted about 1854—two odalisques being measured with a cane, and cunningly trying to raise themselves tip-toe without detection. In pairing his figures for a subject like "The Skein-Winder," Hamon followed out a subtle decorative idea of balance, of *pendants*. These types are very beautiful, but not intellectually so, for to put brains into his tender creatures would quite destroy the simple flower-like impression desired. The two girls face each other, each like Keats's "Attic shape, fair attitude," one gathering in the silk, and collected in her own posture; the other throwing aloft her arms with a delicious upward straining—the movement of self-collection and that of impulse being equally required and justified by the simple idea of skein-winding. Although the striped divan and the cast-off papooshes seem to show an Eastern derivation, and the silk ought to go to the impossible flowers and heraldic birds of some nightmare of barbaric broidery, yet the faces are Hamon's usual Greek faces, and the temperaments are his lymphatic ones, receiving nature's gifts without investigation, with the motto, "Be our beauty our sole duty." The more childish sister wears her tresses in a net, like the antique Proserpine of the famous Syracuse medal; the other has wound a vine round her temples, whose leaves stand out in every direction like lynx-ears, and assist the alertness required by her expression. It is a boon in art, this subject of sweet, irresponsible maidenhood; Hamon's virgins are always Undines just before the gift of the soul.

This playful idler—or this authoritative master in a difficult art—was a rough-looking, russet-headed sailor. He was born on the very edge of the stormy Breton sea, for his father was one of the governmental coast-guard, and in a little square, plastered cube of a building, an uncomfortable stone box, such

as the Minister of the Marine casts all around the French ocean-beach, like a throw of dice, was born the son of the sea-policeman. At nineteen, in 1840, the young boatman brought up to Paris his alarming head of red curls, and his complexion tanned and pitted like a rock at low tide. All his dependence was the absurd pension of five hundred francs a year allowed by his Department to its young genius—a sum hardly enough to starve on. Hamon's native good health had to work for him now, and procure him more than half his living; for food could not be often bought in addition to paying the color-man's bill, and the color-man's wares were the necessary part. He was a fellow-pupil with Gérôme in the studio of Delaroche, and presently set up the *châlet* in the rue Fleurus, with Gérôme and a few others. Here the little band invented a peculiar style of "New Greek" subjects, and here, in the small *châlet*, covered with lilacs and roses, they were so voluptuously described by Théophile Gautier, as so many *poetæ minores* of the Greek Anthology, living like Sybarites in their bower, painting from palettes of ivory, crowning their heads with roses, receiving furtive visits from prima-donnas burning to be immortalized, and *deccanting* their inspiration from the volumes of Moschus and Theocritus lying on the citrus-wood tables. To this epoch belong Hamon's decorations for the restaurant, No. 1, rue Fleurus, which I have studied with such amusement. Afterwards I found him, no longer unknown, no longer paying a tavern-scot with immortal fancies, but living at Rome in the full recognition of his talent, chumming with his ten-years' traveling companion Sain, and showing me on the Roman studio wall his latest sketches from Capri, his "Promenade of the Girls' School," and his "Aurora as an Orchestra-Conductor"—beating time for her choir of wakened birds.

Finding that the labors at the *châlet* procured him more praise than half-pence, Hamon accepted a situation at the porcelain-works of Sèvres, at the age of twenty-eight. This situation gave a permanent bent to his style; the Director of the factory, who was an Academician and the father of the future grand painter Regnault, detected in the young decorator a charming turn for playful allegory, and encouraged him to follow up the vein. He only remained four or five years at Sèvres, but he executed some works there which are now guarded by their possessors as above price, among others a famous casket in enamel, which procured him a medal at the London World's Fair of 1851. In 1852 he left the factory, and in the next year's Salon exhibited one of his most celebrated works, "My Sister is not at Home," a classic scene of child's-play, fit to illustrate the idyllic Testament parable of the little pipers and danciers. The original was bought for Napoleon III; but a smaller replica painted by the artist found its way to a Dutch collection, Van Walchren's of Nimerdoor, which was sold in Paris in 1876; and either that or another repetition ultimately became the property of Mr. Israel Corse, of New York. Mr. Corse also possesses Hamon's "Aurora," a fresh virgin drinking a pearl of dew from a morning-glory—a subject of which the larger original was sent to Paris from Rome and bought by the Empress. Hamon's lovely fancies in fact found their way to all countries, but France possesses the fewest of them, and the Luxembourg Gallery none. The "Punch-show," or Theatre of Guignol,

received a peculiar honor; it was copied, with life-size figures, for the tympan of the stage of Booth's theatre in New York, when Dion Boucicault assumed the management of that dramatic temple; it represents Socrates, Diogenes, with a crowd of children, in front of the penny-theatre, where life is portrayed as a triumph of Cupid and Bacchus over Mars. A more profound fancy, executed in 1866, showed the Muses weeping over the ruins of the theatre in Pompeii; for this admirable canvas his friends tried hard to get Hamon elected into the Institute; but his Bohemian character, the happy-go-lucky disposition of the Breton sailor, precluded that respectable metamorphosis. Poor Hamon had been forced to fly secretly from Paris, for debt, in 1862. He lived at Capri, with intervals of a residence in Rome, and among the peasantry of Tiberius' island, with its almost unmixed Greek population, he discovered those types of Attic beauty which he repeated in his beautiful fables. "They are nothing but dolls!" a scornful French critic said to me at Naples, roughly disparaging Hamon in front of Titian's Danaë. Hardly able to bear that comparison though he was, his sweet dreams are fit to be quoted to the remotest posterity as the best attainment in dreaming of our prosaic century. In 1872, visiting Lake Lucerne, he there sketched the background and groups for his "Triste Rivage," or "Melancholy Shore," an idea which had occurred to him at Capri; it represented the unhappy victims of unsuccessful love, on the shores of Acheron; among the figures, a beautiful Ophelia was the portrait of his own fair wife. As early as 1871 he had honorably paid his Paris debts; and, his talent being now in full recognition, he might have expected a worldly success equal to that of his old school-fellows; but a disease contracted in his youthful period of poverty had long undermined his life, and he died at Shakespeare's age, fifty-two or three, in the modest and pretty home he had constructed at Saint-Raphael. In this unhappy note is closed, with the inevitable turn of sadness, the chapter of those who have devoted themselves to the merriment of the world.



The Cat-Fan and its Supporters. Sketch by E. Lambert.





JEAN LOUIS HAMON



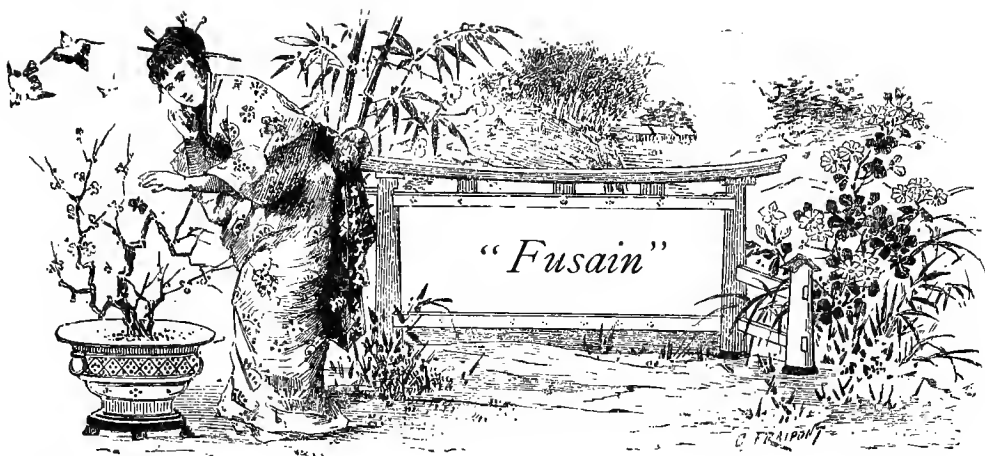
The Skein Winder



Engraved by Thévenin

LANDSCAPE
“AU FUSAIN”





LANDSCAPE "AU FUSAIN."



PERHAPS I cannot better introduce this chapter than by quoting the celebrated remarks of Edmond About on Style. They will pave the way for my conjectures as to the choice of the French landscape artist for restriction of subject, so different from the wild romance of a Calame, a Lessing, a Bierstadt or a Church. They will guide us incidentally to an understanding of his predilection for the narrow, fine stems of the spindle-wood tree, or *fusain*, which, when culled with discrimination and charred with tenderness, afford him the most distinctively national brush for his most characteristic picture,—the "Paysage au Fusain," only mastered by the Frenchman.

The definition of style, remarks About, while scratching his head as it were, is harder to arrive at than the definition of the triangle. Some years ago, he continues, Victor Hugo, Lamartine and Alfred de Musset, together with a young Inspector of Woods and Forests, visited together one of the finest sections of the Woods of Fontainebleau. After a few steps, Victor Hugo was keenly struck by the sublimity of the scene; Lamartine was melted by the melancholy of the landscape, and Musset sipped like a gourmand the fresh scent of the

shadowed region;—the youthful Inspector took out a calabash and drank a swallow of water. "This life of the Forests, how it speaks of power!" mused Victor Hugo. "The earth is an immense animal, which doubles on its track in space like the lion in the cage; the Infinite is the cage of the world. This



Winter. Monochrome by Emile Berton.

beast, of which we are tolerated pensioners and parasites, wears a head of hair, made of oaks and pine-trees. Yonder wood-choppers whom I hear are the barbers of the globe; but it takes them forty or fifty years of labor to clip a tuft of its locks."

"The woods are saddening," sobbed Lamartine. "Human beings resemble

these trees, nailed side by side to the same little corner of earth. They vegetate in parallel lines, without ever comprehending each other. All the good fortunes and all the glories of our life resemble these leaves, which bud in the spring and run dry in the autumn. After some few years, a day comes when the tree drops from its limbs its last leaves, and Man from his hands the last of his illusions. The axe of yonder choppers is beating on my heart—a death-ring!"

"Life is a pretty thing," hummed Alfred de Musset, "and the devil is a good devil to leave us here awhile before he collects us. Magnificent invention, the shade! it acts as a foil to the sunshine. Ah, the Sun was but an indigent nobleman before they invented his regalia of shadow! I have a mind to lie down in the bushes and take a siesta:—'sleep with head in shade and feet in sunshine.' The patriarchs never did anything more patriarchal than that, and the acts of the wise men of Greece were none of them more wise!"

"There is a troublesome job here for me," thought the young Inspector; "and if I am going to get my report ready before dinner, I have no time to lose."

—"This," pondered Victor Hugo, "is a fine background for the brave Siegfried and the fair Criemhilda. There rushes the chase, with the whippers-in, the broad-hoofed hunters, the ladies' hackneys. The sylvan green of the squires rubs against the flowing red skirts of the dames. The dazzling ivory horn resounds in the sombre wood. Siegfried has killed three bears and two boars; he has washed his hands in the fountain; he has dried them on his beard, and Criemhilda, who sees his coming from ever so far, thinks he is the comeliest of men because he is the strongest and the bravest."

Lamartine murmured under his breath:

"In other forests, I—through days alone—
In fresher pathways, sweeter shades, have gone!
Where the Eurotas, from primæval years,
Full-swollen still with Leda's balmy tears,
Still shadowed o'er with Leda's soft repose,
Drinks the soft laurel dew—I breathed the rose—
Still breathed these eglantines of Fontainebleau's."

And Musset sang, as loud as he could:

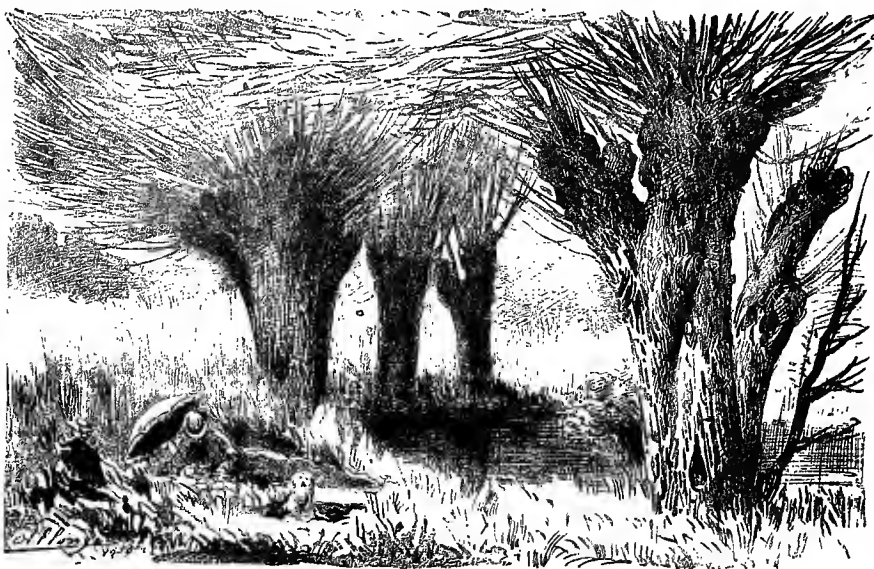
"Ah! dew-drops half dry on
The hemlocks and plane-trees!
Ah! Dian,
Thy grim dogs thy sentries!"

The brisk young Inspector studied the exposure of the hill-sides, counted the species of trees, and inventoried in an hour or two an irreproachable Forestry report.

In the evening, in the Inspector-general's bureau at Fontainebleau, the three poets read their verses. Those of Victor Hugo were admired, notwithstanding an hiatus or two in the sense; everybody wept at Lamartine's, and thought

them pretty long; those of Alfred de Musset were voted charming, with the innocence of their grammatical errors still upon them. But the company could not distinguish which square, in the traverse of the Fontainebleau survey, the descriptions were intended to depict. The young Inspector then read his report; and everybody then recognised perfectly the well-known clearing of the Big Oak.

A few days after that, the artists Corot and Rousseau, with a Paris photographer, came out to make studies in the same spot. Corot painted a pale forest, made of vapors and peopled with nymphs and satyrs. Rousseau painted a tufted growth, vigorous and violent, upon which the setting sun dashed all its treasure of light like gems into a jewel-case. The photographer adjusted his



Pollard Willows. Fusain by Allongé.

apparatus, and skimmed off upon the face of his glass a mirror-like counterfeit of the clearing of the Big Oak.

Now, neither this Photographer nor that Inspector were Men of Style.

The report of the Inspector was of irreproachable verity, without one unnecessary word. The Photographer's proof, drawn by the sun in person, was exact to the last spear of grass; but every other Photographer in the world, and every other Inspector of Rivers and Forests, would have done the thing just as well! Messieurs Hugo, and Lamartine, and Musset, and Corot, and Rousseau, had painted the forest, not such as it is, but such as they had seen it. They had transfigured it after their manner and according to their wit. They had appropriated it for their own material. They had regenerated it and re-created it. It was no longer the Forest of Fontainebleau, but the forest of Alphonse de Lamartine, or the forest of Théodore Rousseau. And now,

challenges Edmond About, have we not some comprehension of the meaning of that proverb, "The Style is the Man?" Style is the transformation of things by the human mind. Art is not a servile imitation, but an original interpretation of a reality.

Style is the great aim of the French nation, in literature, oratory, music, sculpture and painting. In landscape art they have attained it more indisputably



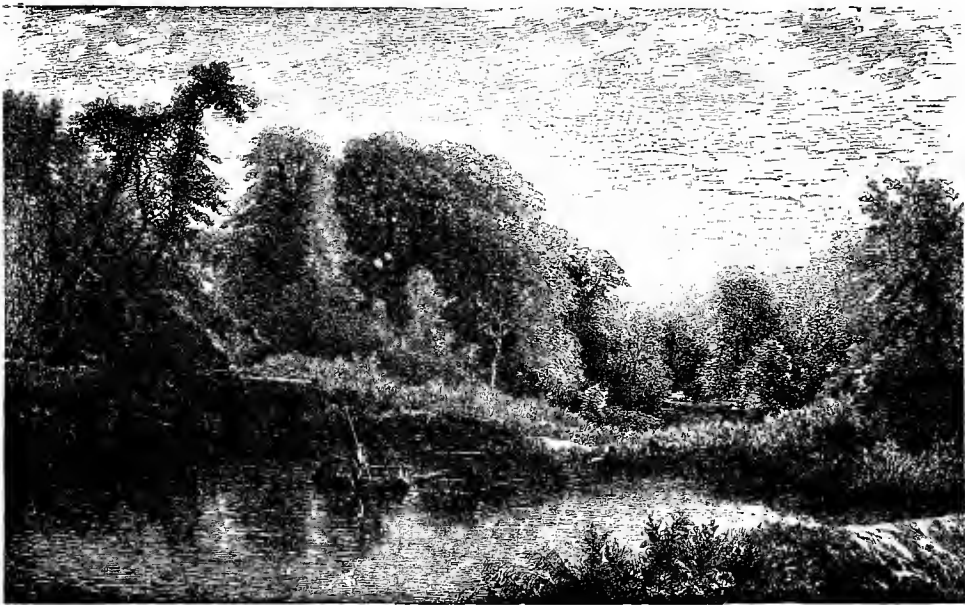
In the Woods. Fusain by Maxime Lalanne.

than in anything else, and they have attained it by its simplest and surest hold, Simplicity. It is a very curious thing that the touchstone of the attainment of France in things of taste should reside, after all, in Landscape-painting. Everywhere else their claim to style is disputable, and the national mind, for all its unequaled logical directness, is often demonstrably at fault. In landscape, alone, they have attained Style. In literature they endure Hugo, whose greatness is an entirely different thing from eminence of style; in architecture they endure

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indisputable dignity. In vain have Calame and Lessing come before their eyes with Alpine precipices; in vain have Church and Bierstadt unrolled whole Sierras, represented in nearly the scale of nature. "It is not your selection of the sublime parts of the world which will affect me," responded French Landscape-painting; "any idiot can become giddy on a precipice; the question is whether you can describe those sublimities with a distinguished accent. We are not without mountains in our country; we have the Maritime Alps and the Pyrenees. Our rejection of them for subject-matter is not for want of material at home. It is because nobody has yet proved that they are rightfully within the compass of art, just as no composer selects the crack of a thunder-storm, or the bluster of a cataract, or the howl of a jungle, to be copied in musical



The River Lez at La Valette (Herault). Fusain by Charles Node.

effects." So Calame and Bierstadt, who seemed to themselves profoundly civilized, seemed to the French like bedaubed Thespian actors, sending barbarian accents in a false voice through the flaring mouths of their brazen satyric masks.

The modern movement in French landscape art begins with an English revelation—with what a Paris critic calls "the fertilizing introduction of Constable into our Salon, nearly half a century ago." A certain receptive and inquiring mind was on the alert to receive the influence, and Troyon came forward to translate for the French public the secret of Constable's art—to carry into his own work as much of his model as one sturdy soul ever does convey of another. Amid all the rich detail and variety of Constable's painting, nothing is more remarkable than the sureness with which his noble mind

reaches after and strives for what may be called width of style. Amid all the lush profuseness of his herbage, the fluttering character of the situation he chooses, the shredding of his foliage, and the turmoil of his showery clouds, he sees in this infinity above everything the arrangement into masses. Troyon caught this side of Constable's peculiarity and reduced it to its science. He repeated over and over again Constable's great technical lesson, that the luminous quality of clouds can only be represented in oil painting by brave, audacious impasto, by palette-knife work. From the canvases by Constable which always hung in his atelier, Troyon selected this and many other grand qualities; he plastered his clouds until the rich stucco of paint beat back the light with much of the illusion of nature; and while he caught many of Constable's qualities of dewy crispness for the herb and the foliage, he increased the breadth with which those details were to be assembled together. This is the secret of all dignity, in every form of art, poetry, drama, painting, or sculpture—distribution into broad light and shade, instead of a curious dwelling-upon idle trifles. Troyon certainly led the way, in France, in this austere nobility of style, contriving to eliminate from his own work the last vestige of his early porcelain-painting prettiness, and returning to something like the old classical dignity with which Poussin, in his day, had distributed his quiet hills and banks of foliage. The landscape treatment of French art a half-century ago was thinning away fatally into the *vignette*, dissipating itself among the worst temptations of the prettier works of Claude Lorrain. Constable squared it with the rules of dignity, austerity, self-respect, and permanent beauty. He prepared the ground which Jules Dupré, Français, Daubigny, Isabey and Jacque have covered with harvest.

Breadth of style, width of treatment, is the watchword, even, for the wholly modern study of sunny noon effects, a caprice which arose about 1866, and surprised the French in some of the Italian contributions to the Universal Exposition of 1867. Italy and Spain, emerging from their bath of hot native light, were pioneers together in this dazzling task of copy-work. A landscape effect of Pasini's, a landscape effect of Fortuny's, a landscape effect by De Nittis, or Simonetti, or Filosa (of the Italians), of Martin Rico, Villegas, Galofre, or Agrasot (among the Spaniards), though the picture may be frittered into a wealth of glinting detail, is attentive above all things to breadth of tone, and would lose all luminosity without it. Indeed, the astonishing success of the Fortuny school in representing the brightness of open-air sunshine, is only explained by the secret of "breadth." The fact is that the brilliancy of a white building in the sun cannot be represented but by stratagem—never by direct copy-work. A moment's reflection will show this. A piece of white paper seen in a room is not nearly as bright as a piece of white paper laid out in the sun. Now, our pictures, as they hang on the wall, cannot give us any higher light than that of the piece of white paper in a room; yet the sunny whitewashed buildings shown in them are, in nature, as bright as the paper laid in the sun. How is the artist, then, to convey the effect of flashing walls seen under the full summer noonday? Obviously, by clever management, not

by direct copy-work. He exaggerates the shades a little, making them somewhat too dark, and very distinct at the edges; he keeps all his work in flat contrasted breadths, knowing that broad spaces of tone are more conspicuous to the eye than tones shaded off into each other. And by manipulating these two secrets, of emphatic exaggeration and of flat shades or breadths, he conveys that higher truth of nature's brilliancy, in the way suggested by our sketch. Such is the analysis of the work of an artist like Martin Rico, whose method of light-and-shade, at least, is, for purposes of comparison, identical with Fortuny's. Rico has made an abundance of pen-and-ink sketches, such as the delicious Seine-view and Dario Palace at Venice, in the New York collection of Mr. Runkle, or the charming study of a house set up in Seville, in architectural fac-simile of the residence assigned to Pilate by Catholic tradition. In all such favorite subjects of Rico's, whether a breadth of sunny river, or a basking dry street or wall, the problem is to get as much breadth into the masses as possible—to represent the sunshine as laying a positive surface of splendor upon the earth—of the quality called *mat* (or "flatted") by the French, but which we might almost call a *mat* in the English meaning—covering everything with a coat of brilliancy, into which the bluish-toothed shadows of noonday eat as they slowly advance with the lengthening of the afternoon rays.

The nationality of Rico does not prevent our admitting one of his instructive pen-and-inks into this work; although not only is his parentage foreign, but the spirit of his handling is entirely external to French teaching, entirely Spanish. The business of portraying effects of sunshine, with its whole caparison of *dazzle*, is left by the Paris painters to those workmen among them who are exotics, such as Rico and Boldini.



Castle Moat of Neuvic (Dordogne). Fusain by Maxime Lalanne.

MODERN
FRENCH SCULPTURE







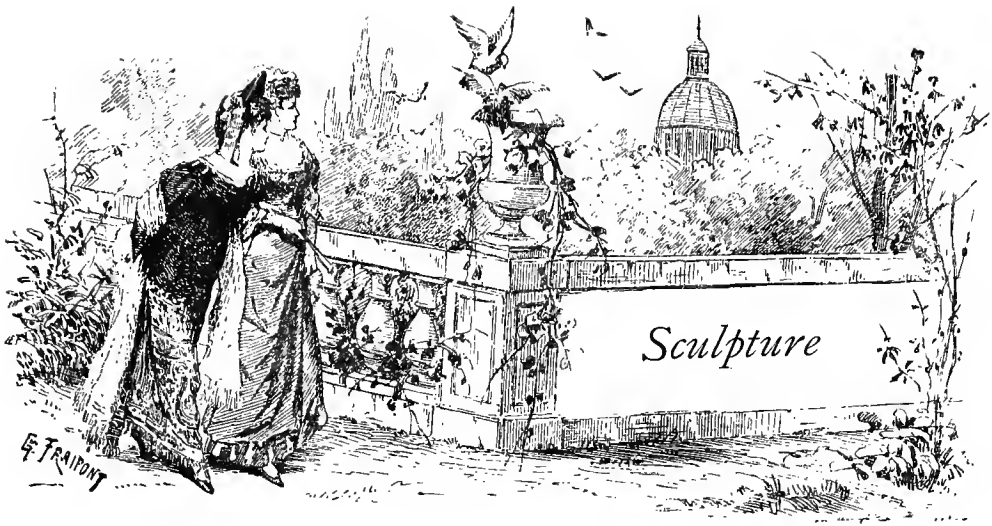
A. E. CARRIER-BELLEUSE



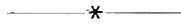
Between Two Loves



Engraved by Roffé



MODERN FRENCH SCULPTURE.



CONSIDERATIONS of simple avoirdupois restrict the fair renown of French Sculpture. French easel-pictures slip along the mail-routes about as easily as letters, and the result is that they can be judged by the whole world. French sculpture must remain at home simply because it is materially heavy. And this is a hardship. In other times, the Roman habit of conquest and of loot made the Greek sculptors perfectly well-known in Italy, and their works being more monumental in character than those of the painters were preferred. Now-a-days it is commerce, not conquest, which spreads an artist's fame, and the more portable form of art gets the advantage in matter of publicity. In a warlike age it was the work of the carver

which followed the development of national greatness; the stronger nation absorbed the bronzes and marbles of the weaker nation; in a commercial age the lighter canvas gets the circulation, and the heavier marble fosters and attracts the pride at home. This domesticity of French sculpture ought not to confine its reputation in an epoch of such wide intelligence as ours. A

disinterested critic would find the French quite as strong at carving as painting, and I do not like to close these *Études* without a short chapter devoted to the less notorious form of their success.

Puget, in the age of Louis the Fourteenth, was the father of French sculpture. On a ceiling of the Louvre he is depicted as unveiling before the "Sun-King" his statue of Milo torn by the lion. Puget, who began by carving figure-heads for the navy of Jean Barb, introduced into sculpture that unctuous representation of flesh which the Italians call *morbidezza*, and which he had admired in paintings by Rubens, and was determined to transfer to the marble. Before him, Jean Goujon, a Protestant martyr, killed at the famous massacre of Saint Bartholomew's day, defined the most exquisite attainment of French grace at his period, carved the slim and twisted nymphs who are still admired on the Fountain of the Innocents at Paris, and gave a mighty impulse to the æsthetics of the French school, but there did not occur to his mind that innovation of

pure technic, that inventiveness in suggesting a living texture, which it was the glory of Puget to introduce into his form of art. The works of Puget may be called paintings by Rubens translated into stone; they suggest all the rich carnations of unctuous flesh which the Flemish oil-color can depict.



Albert Ernest Carrier-Belleuse.

A study of modern French art, like the present, cannot dwell on the past longer than to recognize it. Clodion's exquisite nymphs, whose supple motions seemed to make the bronze, the marble or the terracotta flow like river-waves; Pradier's graceful, or graceless, women; Rude's animated classicities, culminating in the "Marseillaise Hymn," or "Chant de Départ," whose strident voice appears to awaken the group of French volunteers on the famous Arc de Triomphe; and the crisp portraiture of David

of Angers, of which America possesses a fine specimen in the "Jefferson" of the national Capitol; are so many forms of a glorious production that has ceased in the repose of the tomb. Modern French sculpture owns its obligation to all these masters, without wrapping itself in the mantle, or standing in the shoes, of any.

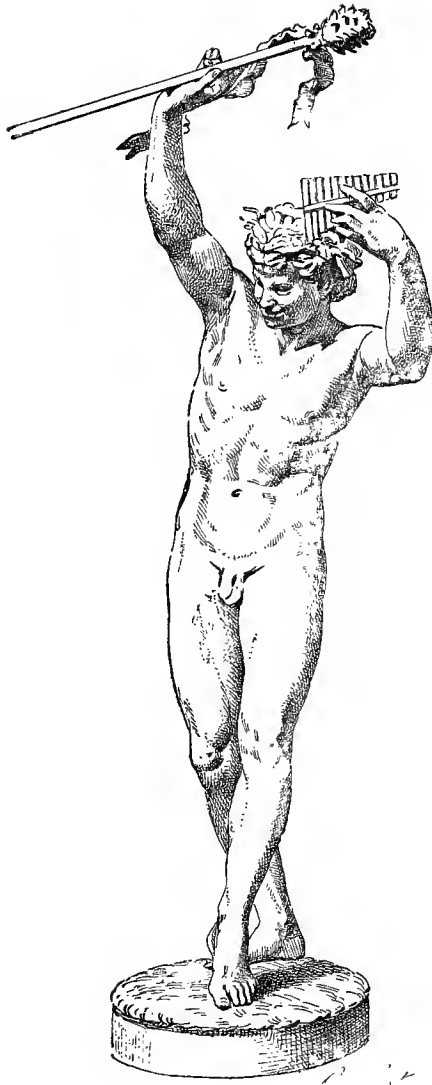
The group in marble represented by our steel-plate, "Between two Loves," was recently executed by Albert-Edward Carrier-Belleuse, the artist to whom was committed one of the groups on the new Opera-house. Nothing is more important in investigating the qualities of one whose productions attract us than to find in what nursery he was planted, and what educational sap flows in his veins. Carrier-Belleuse, in fact, belongs to the veteran guard, now thinning rapidly, who remember the instructions of David of Angers; the hand that sculptured the features of Jefferson for America guided the touches that have resulted in works like this tender and gracious group of mother, infant and Cupid. M. Carrier-Belleuse is already celebrated for a very beautiful treatment



Young Man with Fishing-Hawk. By Adolphe Thabard.

of the Virgin Mary and Child. The more figurative subject of the present composition belongs technically to the same order of ideas. A beautiful woman holds her infant in an artless posture, at the same time listening to the blandishments of the love-god. Passion and maternity are rivals for the possession of this tender soul. Which will conquer? No prettier argument for fidelity to duty could be provided than her lovely offspring, whose soft mouth is eloquent of persuasion whenever it is laid to her bosom. On the other hand, Cupid is never so insidious and winning as when just born, as now, tender, tremulous, and a novelty. How can the infatuated woman put on armor and do resolute battle against a tiny bare creature that pleads not to be cast away? How can she know that this soft suppliant is the most relentless of her foes, against whom she needs to clothe herself in triple mail of proof, and whom she ought to fight without remorse, with the mightiest weapons of her arsenal? Artistically speaking, the human babe and the winged infant balance each other with charming grace, and the fancy of the artist in placing his fair woman between them is something new in art—a marble epigram as exquisite as any of those in the Greek Anthology. M. Carrier-Belleuse was born in the Aisne department, at Anizy-le-Château; his official rewards came somewhat late in his life, consisting of a third-class medal in 1861, another medal in 1866, and a medal of honor among those distributed at the Grand Exposition of 1867.

Adolphe Thabard's figure of the "Young Man with a Fishing-hawk" belongs, in its bronze form, to the estate of the American railway-monarch, Colonel Thomas A. Scott; in its marble guise, it was exhibited at the Universal Exposition at Paris, in 1878. Thabard was born at the old city of the brothers Limousin, the enamelers—at Limoges. Coming to Paris, he entered the atelier of Duret; he obtained a third-class medal in 1868, and one of the second class in 1872. One of his works, "Le Charmeur," was bought in 1872 by the municipality of Paris, and set up in the garden of the Palais-Royal. The figure now seen in the fine collection inherited by Mrs. Scott represents a young man playing with a fishing-hawk, inciting it to bring back a stick out of the water, as we teach a Newfoundland dog to do. Lifting high the hand on which the water-falcon perches, he balances a reed in his left-hand fingers, and is about to dart it into the water. The bird looks towards him, eager, full of curiosity and adventure—indeed, in splendid spirits. The subject gives M. Thabard a good opportunity for representing a nude figure with perfect propriety, and he is not slow to avail himself of it; the supposed scene, being by the ocean, comports perfectly with sea-bathing, and the lad has laid off his garment and is ready to fly into the water in his game, as eagerly as the hawk. The form thus revealed shows accurate copy from a particular model, without the slightest desire to associate the beauties of all possible originals, in the classical style; the boy here seen is not a shape of ideal beauty, but one with healthy and thoroughly commonplace forms. The ignoble rounding of the chest, and the lumpy swelling of the thighs, bespeak an ungraceful embonpoint for this now active figure in future days. Capital copy-work as it is of the accidents of nature, it is kept strictly in the range of genre-art by being nothing but copy-work.

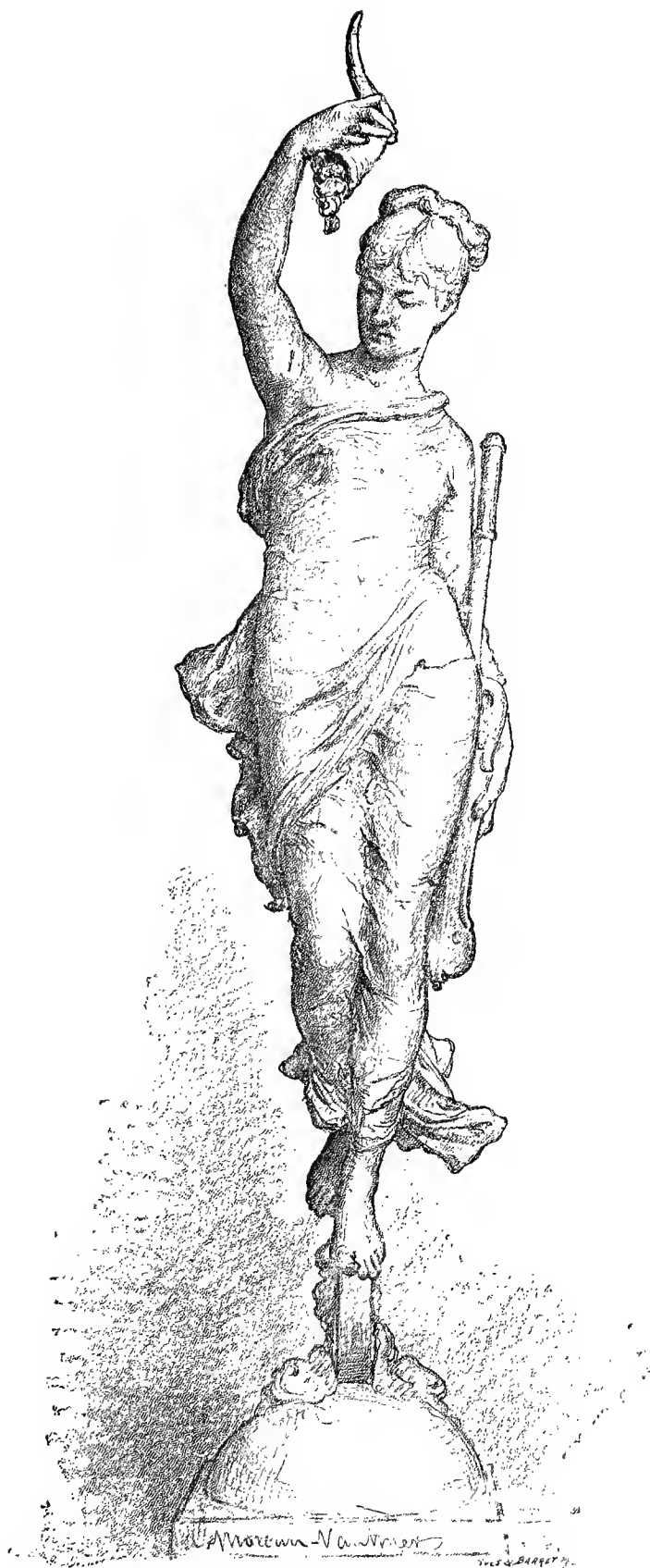


A Faun. By Jules Blanchard.

Jules Blanchard, the sculptor of the "Faun," was educated in the atelier of Jouffroy. Every tourist to Paris has noticed in the Luxembourg Gallery that masterpiece of Jouffroy's, "A Young Girl Confiding her Secret to Venus." It represents a terminal square pillar, the head whereof is wrought into a visage of Venus in stiff and archaic style, vacantly smiling into space with the expression of the Cyprus statuettes; and into this unreceptive but not repellent ear a simple maid, fresh as a wild rose, pours her first secret of the heart, curling her supple body like a serpent against the pillar, standing on the tips of her toes, and closing up the ear of the figure with her hand, like a school-girl who exacts secrecy with an injunction of don't tell. This was about the first of French statues invented in the direction of naïveté; this quality, or the attempt at it, is now as common as any other genre, but when Jouffroy's figure was produced French sculpture had always been in heroics. Thackeray, seeing the figure when fresh, fell into ecstasies with it, and gave it the only genial notice which occurs in all his criticisms on French art in the "Paris Sketch-book." This was in 1839. Edmond About, the wit, explains—with more or less malice—that its success was a movement in art-politics, egged on by those who were determined to expel the romantic school. "This meagre little figure," About laughingly says, "with an Egyptian profile and Chinese eyes, had all the vogue that would have been enjoyed by an antique statue excavated. People pardoned it its hair both heavy and thin, its legs and feet too negligently studied;"—(indeed the artist, by a miscalculation, has not left space enough for the foot, and the girl's toes actually enter into the marble of the terminal pillar;) "they saw but the charming idea, the body that was so young, so chaste and so graceful." In the intervening years, how often French art has adopted the air of naïveté, so new and refreshing forty-three years ago in Jouffroy's young girl! Simplicity and apparent ignorance appear in modern work as popularly as any other conceit, and are often pushed to the point of grimace.

Jouffroy's "Young Girl with Venus" is certainly fine, but it is only obvious justice to say that its peculiar naïveté was anticipated by Rude's "Greek Girl Spelling out the Inscription on the Tomb of Bozzaris."

Of this Jouffroy, held to have almost created "the naïve," Jules Blanchard, whose sketch for a "Faun" we present, was pupil. The antique "Young Girl Whispering to Venus" is in some sense the parent of the antique Satyr. But here the ideal of shrinking girlish grace is exchanged for the ideal of robust masculine grace. The ancient figures of fauns which Rome and Pompeii have yielded to the excavator, those brusque and hilarious statues, of a conception so different from the fauns of Pompeii paintings or of classical vases, are the types which M. Blanchard approaches as his models. It may be supposed with reason that the ancients sought, in these multiplied images of the kindly Sylvas, exactly the same sort of refreshment that we of the nineteenth century seek in that landscape art which has had such a vast development in the past eighty years. It may seem strange to designate the unknown sculptor of the colossal Sleeping Faun of the German Museum as the Wordsworth of antiquity; there



Fortune. By A. Moreau-Vauthier.

is some reason, however, for the designation. The life of the Roman of quality was still more sophisticated and removed from nature than ours; he needed, amid the dust of the circus or the cave-like chill of his library, a sense of the woods, of the groves, of the streams. To fill this need, he imagined the god Pan, half-glimpsed sometimes in the woods, the glorious "Forester," as the English poet calls him; and he imagined the Sylvans, beings of the wild-vine thicket, of the tangled woods. Rome has yielded an immense number of these jovial beings, pressing the billows of the reed-organ, or playing the pipe of Pan, or snapping their fingers explosively as they dance, or asleep on a wine-skin, with innocent drunkenness—all confidingly, as on a mother's breast. The reaction from the hot press of city life found its solace in these images, to the mind of the Roman patrician, before landscape-art, as we know it, was invented. Instead of a Corot, he bought a Sleeping Faun; instead of a fine edition of Wordsworth, he treated himself to a bronze Satyr—in a state of beastly intoxication,—and thus fulfilled precisely the same need of his nature. M. Blanchard evidently thinks there is a place for the same kind of effigy in the house of the modern cultivated person—that he has produced an object which, as they say, no gentleman's library should be without. The sculptor's home-thought, however, the inner need which is satisfied both by Blanchard's "Faun" and Thabard's "Youth with the Fishing-hawk," was that of representing the undisguised body of a young adolescent without offence. In both, the supposed conditions exclude all trouble of this sort and excuse the barefaced condition of the figure. A lad by the water-side, playing with a fishing-hawk between two dives, or a being of antiquity sacred to the forests, does not have to be clothed to satisfy our conception of innocence. Both of them, it will be noticed by the artistic eye, are young, coltish, half-developed figures—one a lymphatic or well-rounded boy; one a square, tough lout, turned into a demi-god by an accident to his ears. The study of life at this period of development is most interesting and captivating to artists. Mr. Vedder once told me in Italy, I recollect, that his favorite among all statues was Michael Angelo's "David," because it had big hands and feet and knobby wrists and ankles. To the true fancier, the most beautiful horse is hardly so interesting as the colt. Probably the reason is, that it is the latter which embodies all hope and all promise. M. Blanchard, the sculptor of the "Faun," was born at Puisieux (Loriet); obtained inferior medals at the Paris Salons of 1866 and 1877, and one of the second class in 1873.

Adrien Moreau-Vautier, a true Parisian, born in the charmed circle of the Boulevards, was a pupil of Toussaint, and like him has given much attention to a style of industrial or decorative art, equipped for its success with all the advantages of serious art-study. The "Victory" of this sculptor, in the florid taste of Cellini and the epoch of François Premier, is a thing of true though mannered beauty. If our purse is the exchequer of a city, and we command it for the summit of the highest dome, in colossal proportions, Fortune will tread her wheel with grace and expansiveness of manner: if we desire her in more modest proportions, she is fit to make a parlor bronze of exquisite decorative beauty, the very ideal of the "article de Paris."

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E. STRAHAN